Going Home
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Journalist Carter Roberts was required to interview Carl Foltz and Matt Evans for an article on their lives. It was not an assignment he relished: he just wanted to get there, get it done and get out. Thinking about the subject matter made his stomach churn.

The interview reveals as much about himself as about the two men, and for the first time, Carter learns what a real home feels like. He never would have expected that meeting the two men would change his way of thinking – and his life – forever.

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Genre: Gay Contemporary Romance / Taboo

Warning: This book contains graphic language and sexually explicit content. Intended for adult audiences only. Not intended for anyone under the age of 18.

If you have any reason to think that you cannot or will not tolerate any type of mature subject matter, please do not continue. If you have any issues with any type of taboo, or what you may *consider* taboo material, please do not read. If you have a closed mind about any sexual activities whatsoever, please put this book down or delete it now. If you truly believe that love is love, then by all means, continue.

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Dedication

I’d like to dedicate this book to all those who keep reading my stuff. Those who let me keep pushing all their buttons, incinerating the envelope, and allowing me to write what I want, or feel needs to be written. To all of those who truly believe that love is love.

Thank you.

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Chapter 1

I HATED ASSIGNMENTS like this—where I had no choice in the matter. There were fellow colleagues of mine who told me how lucky I was, because most of the time, I had the privilege of picking my own stories to write. Only occasionally had I bowed before the powers that be, and completed a story that I *had* to do. This, however, took the cake.

While most of my graduating class was still out looking for work in journalism, I was getting ready to celebrate my second year with an internationally known magazine, writing featured articles. Of course, it was a gay publication, and most would consider that not real journalism. However, I would wager that those who said that had never read it either. And while they were shacked up with their parents, sending out resume after resume, I was pulling down a decent paycheck, usually with an article in print every month. I shouldn’t be complaining. Right?

Thinking again about the subject matter and where I was headed made my stomach churn. I remember having a professor lecture on being objective to any article and not letting personal beliefs get in the way of telling the true story, but I bet he'd never had to deal with this subject matter. I personally thought it was disgusting, perverted, and so far out there that no one would want to read about it for those very reasons. I tried to put myself in the same situation, and it made me so sick to my stomach this morning that I couldn’t even eat breakfast, it so turned me off. Hell, it was all I could do to get some coffee down.

I flew into Louisville, Kentucky, the night before so I could get an early start this morning. I hoped I would be able to do this interview quickly, getting enough information so I could pump out a decent article—at least decent enough to keep my editor happy. Then getting the hell out and away from here was my goal. So here I was, in a rental car at seven a.m., following the GPS to some Podunk place in Indiana, just over the border of Kentucky. From what I could find out during my research, this place wasn’t even in a city. The closest town was twenty-five miles away, and calling it a town was being generous. The closest decent sized city was Louisville, and that was almost one hundred and fifty miles away. What kind of life could a gay man have that far from civilization? Didn’t take me

but a minute to understand that, because of the life this couple lived, they would want to be secluded—would have to be.

Plugging my iPhone into the car's stereo system, I cranked up the tunes. My mind drifting, I started thinking of my family and growing up. I snorted. What family? I was thirteen years old before I finally figured out it was distain on my mother's face when she looked at me.

It was while at my Aunt Louisa's house during summer vacation. Her house was a mansion compared to our house, and she had a swimming pool, which is why we were there that day. I knew growing up that Aunt Louisa was rich, which in part was why I hated visiting.

"Don't speak unless you're spoken to, and make sure you say Ma'am and Sir, and for God's sake don't touch anything!" It was my mother's mantra. She said the same thing every time in the car while driving over.

On that particular day, my cousins, Brent, who was two years younger than I, and Margot, who was four years younger, had been swimming most of the morning. After lunch, while waiting the pre-determined time before we could get back into the pool, Brent was playing his new video gaming system while he allowed me to watch. It wasn't different from any other time; Brent never let me touch any of his things. What Brent didn't know was that some friends of mine had the same system and I had played it plenty of times. With that particular game, I mentioned that if he jumped at a certain point he could get the golden ring.

"What do you know about it?" He snarled. "Mom says you're so stupid you don't even know how to wipe your own butt!"

I sat there stunned. Brent had always been kind of nasty towards me, and I knew Aunt Louisa didn't like me much, but never had Brent been so vicious.

"Mom said that if it weren't for you, Aunt Bridget wouldn't be stuck married to your loser of a father." Brent must have seen the surprise on my face and laughed. "Yeah, you were a big mistake, Carter. You're the reason why Aunt Bridget had to marry your old man. He knocked her up, and now she's stuck with you just like she is with that pathetic bean-counter dad of yours." He was laughing now, knowing he had gotten to me.

From that point on, I noticed the way other families interacted compared to my own. It was true; my mother hated me.

My father, on the other hand, looked at me like I was some sort of science experiment. He watched but rarely interacted. He was an accountant at a law firm downtown—the quintessential nerd. I never saw him in anything other than a white shirt, black or blue necktie, and black or grey suit. Thick black-rimmed glasses hid his most striking feature, his light brown eyes. One Father's Day, I got him a red necktie. He wore it once, and I never saw it again.

That summer was very confusing for me. The first thing that turned my world upside down was the realization that neither of my parents seemed to love or care about me. That simple fact shattered my small world, forcing me to see them for what they were. Second issue was when puberty hit me full force. Wet dreams started, followed by the discovery of masturbation, and then learning about homosexuality. To my horror, I found myself fantasizing about other boys while I masturbated. It was yet another reason for my parents to hate me.

The week before school started, my mother and I got ready to go shopping for school clothes, as we had done every year that I could remember. I hated shopping for clothes with my mother. She always complained about having to shop at what she considered 'second rate stores', stating that *JC Penny* was so blue collar. "Louisa never has to do this; she has her kids' private school uniforms made each year."

That year was significantly different however. She pulled up in front of the shopping mall, handed me $300.00 and told me to make sure that I got enough to last the year.

"Carter, you're old enough now that you don't need me to hold your hand while picking out clothes. Make sure that you get everything that you need," my mother stated flatly. She never looked at me, never took her hands off the steering wheel other than to hand me the money, nothing, no emotion. That was the last time I would ever see my mother. She'd simply left and never came back.

One would think that things would drastically change at home, but they really didn't. Instead of my mother opening up cans for dinner, I started doing the cooking. The biggest change in my life was that I

discovered that the library was my lifeline to survival. It was at the public library that I was able to teach myself how to cook, learn about my sexuality, but most importantly, I fell in love with the written word. The world of books was my new world, and I embraced it fully.

The day I turned sixteen, I got the job of my dreams. I started working at the public library. There were many upsides to this. First, there was the money. More than anything, I wanted a car. What sixteen-year-old doesn't? Then, there was the added benefit that I would be out of the house and away from my father, and I was able to spend time in the place I most loved. Mrs. Henderson, the head librarian, was very supportive, and became more of a mother to me than my own mother ever had been.

Even though I was working at the library, I was still able to get home, cook dinner for my father and me, and maintain a 3.8 GPA, as well as do most of the household chores. It wasn't that I wanted to; it was just part of surviving. Everything was pretty routine. Dad got home at six, and he'd watch the evening news. Dinner was at seven, and then dad would go and watch TV while I'd clean the kitchen, then go to my room to do homework on the second hand computer my father got me. There was little, if any, communication between my father and myself. He would complement me on dinner. Once a week, he would take me to the grocery store while running other errands. Other than that there was very little for us to say to one another. We had nothing in common other than sharing a house, and, of course, genes.

One Sunday, when I got home from work, I knew something was up as soon as I walked in the door. My father was sitting in the living room, the TV turned off, no lights on, only silence. Sundays we normally went out to eat, since it was the one day I worked late. The air in the room felt heavy and still, like just before a major storm.

"Are you a faggot? And don't you lie to me either." My father's voice was eerily quiet, never looking at me.

"Ye-yes," I stammered, being completely caught off guard.

"You are no son of mine." Without another word, still not looking at me, he got up and left.

It didn't take me long to figure out how he found out. His computer was on the fritz so he got onto my computer to check email or something,

and he must have looked at the history. Of course, he would see the gay porn sites that I had checked out, leaving no doubt as to my orientation.

Once again, I thought things would drastically change, but they didn't. The biggest difference was that he would take his dinner into the living room to eat instead of eating at the kitchen table like we normally had. He didn't look at me unless he had to and spoke even less. Of course, he didn't refuse to eat the food I cooked, or decline the clean laundry I did every week.

That was the way things went for two years, until I went to college. Thanks to Mrs. Henderson, I was able to get a full scholarship to a good school. She was even able to help me get a job at the library there. The day I left, my father never said a word to me. Looking back, I wasn't surprised or upset. The way I saw it, it's just the way things were. I was used to it. After all, it was almost that way my entire life.

Following the GPS, my destination fast approaching, the apprehension settled heavier on my shoulders with each passing mile. Amongst seemingly acres of endless cornfields and cow pastures, I spotted a mailbox with two last names and turned down the dirt and gravel drive. I immediately slowed down to take my time on this driveway-road. There were several huge potholes, large enough to bottom out the rental I had. Looking in the rearview mirror, I saw a cloud of reddish-brown dust billowing out behind the car so thick I was unable to make out anything behind me. The road was narrow on both sides, outlined with barbed wire. On one side, I could see cows in the distance and on the other, rows and rows of cornstalks about four feet high. There was a slight curve ahead so I could see nothing but cows and corn, not much deviation from the last thirty minutes of my drive. I was starting to hear dueling banjos in the back of my head as I broke out in a cold sweat.

As I rounded the curve, I could see a house in the distance. Looking at the odometer, I saw that I had already been off the main road, if you could call it that, for almost a mile. Twenty-three minutes later, I pulled up in front of a red brick and stone single story, rancher style house with a large porch that looked as if it wrapped all the way around. There were several rocking chairs out front. There were hanging baskets, some with flowers and some with ferns. A large maple tree in front provided shade from the afternoon sun.

The drive widened out quite a bit and to the right of the house was an obvious parking area outlined by railroad ties. I parked my rental car, grabbed my satchel, and opened the door only to instantly start coughing, my eyes blinded and watering. Fighting my way out of the dust storm the car had caused, I was able to make it up the stone sidewalk, still hacking, almost sightless, tears running down my face. I made it to the front step, before I heard him.

"You Carter?"

With my eyes still watering and my mouth full of dust, I managed to look to the far left and see who had asked the question. I saw a man, but just barely. "Yes, I'm Carter Roberts," I choked out.

"Nice to meet ya. Come on in the house and let me get you something to drink. Been a bit dry here lately, so the dust's real bad." The voice was a low baritone, the kind that vibrated through your chest if you were standing close enough. The surprising thing was how quiet it sounded, almost like a whisper. It made you want to lean in close to make sure you heard it. It made you want to hear it.

I coughed and cleared my throat. "Thanks. That would be greatly appreciated."

Through teary eyes, I followed the voice into the cool of the house. I succeeded in walking into a large open room, without bumping into anything, with a black wood stove in the far right hand corner and a large leather sectional sofa. The oversized sectional dominated most of the living room area. An entertainment center with a huge flat screen television was mounted on the outside wall, and just beyond that, there was a hallway that must lead to the bedrooms. Off to the left was a dining room area and beyond that, a substantial breakfast bar and large country style kitchen. All in all, it was one long room. The ceiling was open to the rafters making it seem much larger. Overhead were several slow turning ceiling fans. The motors made a soft whirling noise that was almost hypnotic. The first thing I noticed was how simplistic everything was, but also how clean it was. I didn't know what to expect, but for some odd reason I never quite expected this.

"We got ice tea, lemonade— I made this morning— some orange juice or water. Also got some beer, so what's your pleasure?" the voice

asked.

“The lemonade sounds great, thanks,” I responded.

I finally was able to focus on the person that went with the voice. I am glad he was busy setting about getting the lemonade so he didn’t see my mouth fall open. Moving around in the kitchen was a large man. I don’t mean as in heavy, I mean as in at least 6’5 with shoulders as wide as the refrigerator he was opening. The dark blue T-shirt he wore was snug, the sleeves straining, riding up the large muscular arms, exposing the hardened biceps and triceps. His waist seemed impossibly small compared to the shoulders, but his butt was a work of art.

Michelangelo’s David couldn’t compete with this one. The jeans covering his thighs were faded and threadbare. I expected those powerful looking legs to bust out the seams of the old denim at any moment. Sure enough, he had on cowboy boots that were jokingly huge. *Of course they were huge,* I thought to myself. *Look at what they have to support.*

He turned back to me. “Here ya go. There’s plenty so if you want some more just ask. Carl likes to mix it with his iced tea, so I try and have both handy. I’m Matt by the way,” he said, holding his hand out.

As I took his hand, I was afraid he was going to give a bone-crushing handshake, but it was only firm and warm. Looking down, my hand was dwarfed in his, making me feel even smaller than I normally did. Standing at only 5’7”, I always felt a little on the small side, comparatively.

“Thanks, I appreciate it. Didn’t expect all that dust I guess.”

“Let’s go sit out on the porch. I’ll call Carl and let him know you’re here. He wanted to go check on some fencing. We got a bull that’s been feeling a little randy here lately, so we need to keep an eye on him.” Matt opened the screen door, held it open for me, and then followed me over to the rocking chairs.

He pulled out a walkie-talkie. “Carl, you copy?”

“Yeah, Matt, I copy.” Another deep voice crackled from the handheld radio. I wondered how such a small speaker could contain such a voice.

“We got comp’ny,” Matt answered back.

“Awright. I’ll be there in a few. We got any more of that electrical fencing left?” The voice on the walkie-talkie drawled.

“Yeah, and got a new solar station and some other goodies delivered today.” Matt grinned as he replied.

“Awright. Out.” Then silence.

“You find the place awright? I know we’re kinda off the beaten path,” Matt asked me with the same twang-drawl that I’d heard on the radio. It was very soothing in a sing-song kind of way.

“Yes. I only made a few wrong turns, but with no road signs, I kind of had to guess at some of the roads.”

I was having a hard time answering the question, I was so enthralled with this hulking hunk of a man. The front side was even better than the back side, if that were at all possible. Bright blue eyes in a very masculine face, square jawed with a few days’ beard growth, the same color as his honey-gold hair. He had a CAT ball cap on and the hair that stuck out from underneath it was curling on the ends. His lips were full and always seemed on the verge of smiling. Matt’s chest was well developed with his nipples underneath the T-shirt showing prominently. The crotch of his jeans was also rather threadbare, scarcely holding the packed-in meat that was there. From the look of things, I didn’t think he was circumcised either, as I noticed a tubular shape snaking down his left leg.

“Yeah, well we don’t get many visitors out this way and most anyone who is driving around here pretty much knows where they’re going, so road signs aren’t all that important, I recon.” Matt smiled at me with bright, white teeth showing. *Damn, this guy has it all.*

From the little information I had, I knew that Matt was twenty-eight, just a few years older than me, and Carl was forty-five. Matt had a degree in Agriculture, specializing in animal husbandry. The first time I read that I had to re-read it, not believing it at first. Of course, I had to go and look it up to make sure there was such a thing. Sure enough, there was. I didn’t even want to know how or what that entailed.

Not sure of what to say, I took a long swig of the cold lemonade. It was some of the best I’d ever had.

“Wow, this lemonade is really good,” I complimented Matt.

“Thanks, I make it fresh ‘most every morning. The secret’s in the making of the sugar syrup,” Matt revealed.

Just then, I saw a blue pickup truck slowly pull up and park beside the rental car I came in. Just like when I got here, there was a large dust cloud. Thank goodness, it blew in the other direction from where we were sitting. I noticed that the cloud dissipated before the truck door opened. Now I felt a little foolish for not having done the same thing. Out stepped a large man, wearing a grey tank top T-shirt, a John Deere ball cap and tight blue jeans. Once I got a good look at him, it was like looking at an older Matt. A little thicker in the neck and waist, but it could have been the same person in time-lapse photography. The resemblance was amazing.

As the man walked up on the porch, I stood up and held out my hand to introduce myself. “Carter Roberts.”

“Carl Foltz.” Once again, a massive hand that could crush mine without even trying took my hand in a firm but gentle handshake.

“Thank you for agreeing to this interview. My editor wanted me to assure you of complete anonymity. I know that there are only a select few who even know about this article at all and only three people know your true identity.” This was true. My editor wanted to make sure I emphasized that fact personally.

“That is the only reason why I agreed to do it. Actually, I’m still not sold on the whole idea but Matt here said he wanted it done. I told that Mr. Strong you work for that I wanted to read the finished copy before I would sign off on it. I don’t need no shit coming down on us because of it.” Mr. Foltz was looking me dead in my eye and I knew he meant business. I could also see his reluctance, which told me it wasn’t going to be easy interviewing him.

While Carl and I were introducing ourselves, Matt had gone back into the house. He returned now, bringing me a refill of lemonade, and Carl an ice tea and lemonade mixture. With Carl and Matt standing side by side, I again was astonished at how much they looked alike. Matt was probably an inch or so taller than Carl, and the age difference was obvious, but other than that, they could have been the same person. Both were naturally masculine and never would anyone suspect that they were gay.

“I think I’ll go in and get some lunch going,” Matt announced.

Carl only nodded towards Matt as he sat down and took a long sip of his drink. The simple act of watching him as he swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down, made my stomach quiver. The man was pure sex on legs.

“Um… mind if I tape our conversation, Carl?” I asked as I pulled out a digital mini-recorder, writing pad, and pen.

“Uh… No. I don’t guess so.” He didn’t seem upset but still not quite trusting either.

“If there is anything that is uncomfortable for you, just say so. I don’t want to make you feel pressured in anyway, but I do think that your… um… situation is quite unique and very intriguing, for a lack of a better word.” For some reason, I was now anxious and wanting these guys' story.

“Okay, no worries there, bud. If something bothers me, I’ll let you know up front, no question about it.” He smiled, but not a happy smile, it felt more like a challenge.

“All I ask is that you don’t kill me or anything,” I tried to joke. It didn’t go over very well from the look I got from Carl. “Let me first get the biggest question out of the way and break the ice here. When did you and your son, Matt, first become lovers?”

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Chapter 2

"YOU DON'T HOLD any punches, do ya boy?" Carl said with a more than slightly shocked look on his face.

"I've learned that when dealing with sensitive subjects, the best way to approach them is head on. Getting the discomfort out of the way always makes it easier." Being a total professional, but showing I could be sensitive, open, and caring was something that I had learned to do early on.

Both of us sat in silence for a few moments enjoying our cool drinks. Carl looked as if he was readying himself to answer the very personal question. I also noticed that he was relaxing a bit. I hoped that meant that he would be more open during the interview.

"I've got a list of questions to ask you and Matt. What I'd like to do is interview each of you separately and then together, if that is okay?" As any good reporter, I came prepared with every possible question I could think of. I remembered when I was compiling this list how turned off I was to the whole subject and how much I didn't want to do this story. Now, I was more than anxious to get to know these two extremely handsome and masculine men. Needless to say, I was a little intrigued.

"I guess that's okay," he said.

"Great. I'm just going to ask you to be as open and honest as you can. As you said, you do have final say on this, so if you don't feel comfortable with something in print, that would be the time to edit it. But if you'd just do your best to answer them now, we can all work on the final product later. I want to present your relationship as honestly and openly as possible, while being as respectful as I can. The one thing I won't do is put any personal bias, good or bad, in the article." I watched Carl's face closely as I was giving him this information. This also seemed to relax him a bit more.

"Okay, I'm going to trust you on this… for now anyway." Carl wasn't exactly smiling, but he did have a mischievous twinkle in his eye that hadn't been there earlier.

"Thanks, Carl. I'm going to turn the recorder on now and just go through some of the questions that I've prepared." He nodded his consent.

Carter Roberts: “Carl, when did your relationship with Matt, your son, become sexual?”

Carl Foltz: “Eight years ago. Matt was twenty years old.”

Carter Roberts: “Would you tell me how it started?”

Carl Foltz: “Matt was in his second year of college at Nebraska (University of Nebraska) and was livin’ on campus. It was August, and Matt was already at school since he was on a football scholarship and practice had already started. He had been home for the summer, helpin’ out on the farm, so I was ready to get out and have a little fun. I always rented a motel room whenever I went out in Lincoln, just made things easier, especially if I got lucky.”

“Anyways, there’s this bar I liked to go to in Lincoln. It was a real man’s bar if you know what I mean. The guys that go there aren’t twinks or anything like that for the most part, but men who you’d never guess were gay. The weekend that I picked happened to coincide with an event that this particular bar did a couple of times a year. They call it ‘Buds and Suds Night’. They would float the entire bar in soap suds, turn most of the lights out, and gave everyone these light-up flex tubes that you could wrap around your wrist or hang around your neck or where ever you wanted to put them. As you can imagine, some guys were quite inventive as to where they put them. Now, most guys would check most of their clothes, except for underwear and boots. If you wore your clothes, they’d end up soakin’ wet from all the soap suds.”

“To make a long story short, I got into a pretty heavy make out session with this guy who was tall like me, which isn’t all that common. It was towards the back of the bar and with it being real dark I didn’t see who it was, but I could feel and I sure liked what I felt. The guy dropped down and blew me right there in the bar. Now, ya gotta realize that when he did that, the soap suds were well over his head. I thought it only right that I return the favor and so I did.”

“After that I wanted to take it to the next level so I asked the guy if he’d be interested in goin’ to my hotel room with me. He agreed. Now before you ask, it was very loud in there so it wasn’t easy to hear, so I didn’t recognize his voice, and he didn’t mine neither.”

“When we got to the coat check, where there was light, only then did we see each other. Needless to say, we both freaked out. I guess my instincts as a father, or parental instincts or whatever you want to call it kicked in. I slammed him against the wall, asking him what the hell he was doing in a gay bar.” [Carl chuckling] “Of course he asked me the same question. A bouncer stepped up separating us thinkin’ that we were about to come to blows. I told him to get his clothes on and meet me outside.”

“Once we were outside I really lost it, I guess. I wasn’t handlin’ it well at all. I mean think about it. I had just made out hot and heavy with my own son, and he’d blown me and I’d blown him. Damn, I still remember how sick to my stomach I was, thinkin’ that I had just come in my own son’s mouth. That’s some pretty sick shit.”

“The whole time I was standin’ there, freakin’ totally out, and going off, Matt was standin’ there not saying anything, lookin’ at the ground. When I finally pulled my head out of my ass and looked at Matt, he had tears runnin’ down his face. I can’t begin to tell you how much I hated myself right then. Not only had I just had sex with my son, but I was reamin’ him out, not thinking about all the shit he was prob’ly going through.”

[Carl was visibly upset and his voice was cracking]

“Then I guess I did the most natural thing a parent could or would do; I grabbed him close and held him. He was stiff at first, but eventually he hugged me back. I’m not sure how long we stood there like that, but it felt like a lifetime, was prob’ly only a minute or so.”

“When I looked at him, I knew that we were gonna to have to talk, and it wasn’t going to be able wait, neither. I didn’t even ask him. I just put him in my truck and took him to my motel room. Once inside, we had a hard time lookin’ at each other at first. I’d never been so uncomfortable in my life.”

“I think the hardest thing for me was when I asked Matt if he was gay. The picture of him sittin’ on the bed in that motel room, shoulders slumped over, lookin’ at that floor, will be with me forever. Not lookin’ up, he said that he was. Said he’d always known he was attracted to guys and not girls.”

“There had been this girl that he had dated all through high school, Lisa. I asked him about her, and he told me that they were just friends and had never really been romantically inclined. Basically, they were coverin’ for each other. I don’t know what she was hidin’ and didn’t ask.”

“There were so many emotions runnin’ through my mind. I was havin’ a real hard time tryin’ to focus on any one thing. Being a father is never easy, but there is always somethin’ there that makes you want to protect your kids. Puttin’ your kids over everything else, and that is what ended up comin’ out first.”

“I told him that it was okay he was gay and I’d always love him no matter what. If that was who he was, then it was fine by me. I also made sure to tell him I was proud of the man he was becomin’ and nothin’ would change that. I was and still am very proud of Matt.”

“The next part was the hardest: dealin’ with what had happened between us. There was nothin’ that could have prepared me for that. I want to make it perfectly clear that never, ever, had I thought of having sex with my son before that night. Never. Of course, I had noticed what a good lookin’ kid he was as he was growin’ up. It was clear to me, and everyone who knew us, that he looked more and more like me as he got older. Hell, it was like I was lookin’ in a mirror sometimes. He was always a good kid growin’ up, never any real trouble. He was smart, did what he needed to do, and was a good person with a big heart. He might look like me but he has his mother’s temperament, that’s for certain.”

[Carl smiled the first real smile. It was clear he was speaking from the heart.]

“It’s the next part that shook me to the very depths of my bein’. I told Matt how very sorry I was about what happened that night and how upset I was that it had happened at all. He looked up, for the first time meetin’ me eye to eye, and said that he wasn’t. That he was glad it had.”

“I have to tell you, I was so stunned that I felt like I was havin’ an out of body experience or somethin’. I was there but I wasn’t there. I was so shocked I couldn’t move or even think. I really don’t know how to describe it. Then Matt leaned over and started kissing me, and not like a son kisses his father if you know what I mean. He was laying one on me and my body was reactin’ before I pulled myself together enough to push him away.”

[Carl stood up and started pacing the porch. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his thick dark blonde hair several times before sitting back down to continue.]

“Of course, I totally lost it. I told him that we couldn’t do that, he was my son and it was wrong. What blew me away was his comeback. He said it was clear that I was also gay and since that was already breaking the rules for most everyone, then what was the difference if we were together sexually. That it wasn’t like either of us could get pregnant and that was the reason for most laws against such things. He presented such a good and logical argument that I had nothing to fall back on. Something else he got from his mother. I never won an argument with her either. But I stood my ground and said that it wasn’t going to happen, and that both of us should forget that it ever happened at all.”

“He seemed to be able to accept that, but started asking all kinds of questions about me being gay. By then it was already 3:30 in the morning, and I was emotionally and physically exhausted. I needed time to think. I had no idea how I was going to explain everythin’, so I told him that I was going to take a shower. I suggested that he just crash there and that we’d talk in the mornin’.”

“I took my shower and when I came back into the room Matt was already in bed, turned on his side facin’ the window of the room with the lights off. I put on some gym shorts and crawled into bed. I could tell he wasn’t asleep yet, but I didn’t say anything. I laid there thinkin’ for a long time before I finally fell asleep.”

“The next thing I know, I woke up getting’ a blowjob. I really tried to push him off me. I did try, I swear I did. My dick had other ideas though. I came. It happened so fast, but it was one of the best orgasms I’d ever had. I didn’t admit that to myself at the time. That was much later. It was one of those times when after you come you can’t move. Ya know, like you’re paralyzed or somethin’?”

“Anyways, Matt finished me off and then he was over me and started kissin’ me. To this day, I don’t know if I was so stunned from coming or still half asleep or what it was, but I let him, and I kissed him back. I don’t know for how long, but I do know it was special. When I finally came to my senses, I pushed him offa me. I told him that we couldn’t do it, that it was so wrong. I was so mad at myself for giving into

to him. I don’t know if I’d ever cried in front of Matt, other than when his mom died, or when I lost my mother, but I was cryin’ then. I tried to get up but he kept me pinned, not letting me. I guess I could have gotten up, but I just couldn’t right then.”

“Then I got the biggest shock of all. Matt told me that he loved me not only as his father but as a man. That he’d been wantin’ that to happen ever since he was fifteen. He then told me he was in love with me and always had been. He’d fantasized that we’d be together like that and we’d be a couple. He confessed that he had tried to not think about it and had done his best to get over it, and he’d attempted to date other guys, but he couldn’t get it out of his mind. Said he even tried to date older guys who looked like me, but that didn’t happen for him either.”

“It ended up with Matt breaking down sobbing, and holdin’ onto me in that cheap motel room bed, beggin’ me not to push him away. Kept tellin’ me how much he loved me and that he’d never leave me, if I would let him stay. It broke my heart to see him in so much pain. I can’t describe to you how torn I was right then. I wanted to give him what he wanted, as any parent does, I guess. On the other hand, I felt it was wrong and that it would only screw up his life— both our lives.”

[Carl had been looking off across the field, lost in thought during this last part.]

“Eventually, he fell back asleep holding onto me like I was a life raft or somethin'. I think I was so numb at that point that I also fell asleep. I woke up hearing the shower runnin’. A few moments later, my son comes out, drying his hair with a towel, naked. We’d never been shy about bein’ nude around each other, after all we’d lived alone most of the time after his… mom died.”

“This time it was different though. I was looking at my son as a man. A sexual being. A man that I’d had sex with. I was so conflicted right then.”

“He caught me looking at him which made him smile. I don’t know if you’ve noticed it or not, but Matt has one of those smiles that could melt ice. I’ve yet to meet anyone who can deny him anythin’ if he turns up the heat with that smile of his. He walked over and kissed me gently like a lover, not a son. Then his stomach growled loudly and we both busted out

laughin'. It had been a running' joke at home that he needed to be fed like an infant, every two hours. That boy could put away some food. Still can. He pulled me out of bed, pushin' me towards the shower, saying we needed to eat before he passed out from malnutrition."

"We went to IHOP where he cost me a bundle on breakfast."

Carter Roberts: "That's a pretty intense story."

Carl Foltz: "It was a lot more intense being there, trust me. I've gone over it many, many times in my mind. I still think about it sometimes."

"Hey, guys, lunch is on. Hope you're hungry!" Matt had come out on the porch smiling at both of us, and I knew then that his father was right. That boy could get just about anything with a smile like that.

"Let's eat," Carl said as he stood up, grinning at his son, his lover, his partner. I watched closely trying to figure out if he was looking at him as a son or a lover. I came to the conclusion that it was a little of each, or a lot of both. I suddenly realized that I no longer felt turned off to this story.

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Chapter 3

LUNCH WAS AMAZING. Matt went all out for the meal. There was a lot of food on the table, but that didn't last long. I'm a city boy, a gay city boy at that, and I was always trying to watch what I ate and go to the gym religiously. Watching these two big men eat was astonishing. I saw what Carl meant when he said that Matt cost him a fortune at that IHOP. Never had I seen any one person eat so much as Matt did in one sitting. On the other hand, Carl wasn't that much further behind him.

Carl must have noticed my amazement. "I told you he could eat, didn't I?"

"You ain't no slacker there either, old man. You eat almost as much as I do, so don't even start." Matt looked over at me. "You should see our grocery bill sometimes. It's a good thing we grow a lot of our own food."

I held up my hands, palms out, indicating that I wasn't in this. The last thing I wanted to do was to get between these two giants. Either one of them could have crushed me like an insect, never mind two of them together. Even sitting down they looked abnormally large, at least to me. I noticed Matt's hand as he had shoveled strawberry shortcake into his mouth; it was almost comical how small the fork looked in his big paw.

"Carter, we'd thought we'd have most of the day free, but unfortunately that bull isn't gonna wait. We gotta get that fence reinforced now. I was able to patch it up, but don't wanna put it off for too long. Why don't you come along and we can give you a bit of a tour 'round the place while we're at it. Of course, we can talk a bit more too," Carl said as he got up from the table carrying empty plates to the kitchen.

"Um…. Sure, I guess that will be all right. I only booked a hotel room for last night, but I'm sure they won't be sold out for tonight. Oh, I'll need to call the rental car agency also, to let them know I need to keep the car another day as well." I got up, picking up a few plates to carry into the kitchen.

"Here, here don't go tryin' to help. You're company." Matt tried to take the dishes out of my hands as I stood up.

"Hey, I'm no lazy bum. I can help." I stood my ground as I turned my back to him, keeping him from taking the empty plates from me.

“There ain’t no need for you to drive all the way back into Louisville just to sleep and then drive all the way back out here. Hell, that’s over three-hundred miles round trip and that’s just wasteful, not only the gas but your time as well. Why don’t you just stay here the night? That way you’ll have most of the evening to finish up what you need to get done.” The noise Carl was making as he rinsed off the dishes before putting them in the dishwasher didn’t obscure his voice as he spoke.

“Yeah, that’s a good idea. We can grill up some of those steaks, don’cha think, Carl?” Matt asked his father, calling him by his first name. This wasn’t the first time I’d noticed this. That was a question I was going to address when it was his turn to interview alone.

I hadn’t planned on staying the night, but I wasn’t opposed to the idea. Making that drive back wasn’t something I was looking forward to and I really didn’t want to do it at night. All those small two lane roads and making those sharp hairpin turns on roads that didn’t have street signs was even less desirable. “I guess that would be okay if it isn’t putting you guys out or anything.”

“Not a problem at all. It isn’t often that we get the chance to have overnight visitors. Hell, we don’t get visitors that often at all, much less for overnight,” Matt said.

“Well, since that’s all decided we don’t have to be into too big a hurry. Why don’t we sit out on the porch for a few minutes and let lunch digest a bit before we tackle that fence, huh?” With that, Carl started for the porch, not waiting nor expecting an answer.

“Okay, old man, but can’t sit for too long if you wanna get that fence hooked up using that solar station,” Matt called after the older man already out on the porch. “Sheesh but he sure can put off things.” Matt smiled affectionately.

Matt handed me my glass, freshly refilled with lemonade and what looked like ice water for himself. He motioned for me to go on out on the porch ahead of him. On the porch, Carl was already sitting and rocking in one of the rocking chairs there. Matt and I took two others. Just as Matt and I settled into the other two chairs, Carl let loose with a huge belch.

Matt took of his CAT ball cap and swatted his father with it. “Ain’t you got no manners a ‘tall?”

“Nope, don’t need no manners out here. Why we live out here, ain’t it?” Carl grinned real big.

“I swear, ain’t never gonna grow up, are ya?” Matt was trying to look taken aback, but he wasn’t pulling it off very well. Turning to me he said, “I don’t know what I’m to do with him. Can’t seem to teach him any manners no matter how hard I try.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at the two of them. In a lot of ways they reminded me of a straight couple I’m friends with back home in Atlanta. I could see this exact scenario playing out with them as well. It was done with fun and goodwill but showing a lot of love while doing it.

While we sat there finishing our drinks, they told me about the farming that they did here. How the primary source of their income was coming from a special breed of cattle, Piedmontese. I learned how much in demand it was and how it wasn’t like Black Angus, where just any old cow that was black could be certified as Angus. These had to have a paper trail not unlike dogs do in the *American Kennel Club*. This type of cattle was supposed to be more tender, have less fat, and was in some ways actually good for you, or as good for you as red meat could be.

With our drinks finished, Matt stood up and held out a hand to his father/partner, who took it, and pulled him up. “Come on, let’s get to work so we can call it a day. The sooner we get it done the sooner you can sit on your ass and have a beer!”

“Best watch that tongue in your mouth there boy. You still ain’t too big to whip, ya know.” Carl pushed Matt in the back, propelling him forward. Matt just chuckled.

They led the way to the truck that Carl had driven up in before lunch. “Short people get the middle seat.” Matt ruled.

I climbed into the cab of the pickup. Carl started the truck up, and then Matt climbed in beside me telling me to move over some more. When Matt sat down, I was squished between two sets of broad shoulder, massive arms, and a lot of body-heat coming from both of them. Matt must have noticed how cramped I was, and put his arm behind me, across the back of the seat. This did give me a little more room, but it also opened up his underarms. The smell from him hit me like a door slammed into my face.

Damn, he smelled good. Raw and masculine, but clean with just a hint of fresh sweat.

As we were driving, Matt and Carl were discussing the things that they would need to work on the fence and I continued to smell the both of them. What I noticed was that they smelled a lot alike, but slightly different. While Carl had a citrus-tanginess to him, there was also an earthiness there as well. Matt had that same kind of citrus smell, but there was a sweet musk coming from him, making it distinctly his own. It was all very erotic to me suddenly. So much so, I felt a tingle in my crotch, which started to alarm me. The last thing I needed was to get an erection while sitting in between these two hunks.

We pulled up in front of what appeared to be a barn, but they were calling it a workshop. Once inside I saw why. There were a couple of work tables set up with various tools lying about. A table saw and other floor standing tools in the middle of the room and many other tools hanging on the walls. Matt immediately picked up a box and carried it out to the truck. When he came back in, Carl took out a toolbox to the truck. Both came back in to get other supplies that they were going to need for the job.

“Hey, Matt, where are those wire strippers and connectors we had the other day?” Carl asked as he was bent over looking in another toolbox.

“Right where you put them after the last time you used them,” Matt replied. Matt walked up behind Carl and started playing with his backside.

“Best you cut that out, boy, or it’ll be awhile before that fence gets done.” Carl’s voice was muffled.

“Might be worth it. Might be just what the doctor ordered,” Matt teased. He was rubbing Carl’s butt with both of his big hands, letting one of them slide between his father’s legs, rubbing his crotch.

“Now, boy, don’t go startin’ something we can’t finish. Now stop and help me find them strippers!” Carl stood up, slightly aggravated. Once he turned around, Matt wrapped his arms around him, put him in a bear hug, and kissed him hard and deep. I couldn’t believe that he was doing that with me standing right there. It was one of the hottest scenes I’d ever seen.

Matt pulled his head back with a big ‘Mmwoah’ smacking sound. “That should hold ya till later,” he said, flexing his eyebrows up and down like Groucho Marx.

“Would you let me go, you over grown mutt? Now where are them strippers and connectors?” Carl tried to push Matt away from him.

“Here they are, right where you left them after you fixed Ferd’s fence!” Matt pointed right behind Carl on the top of workbench, laughing.

“We gonna get this fence fixed or not. At the rate you’re movin’ it’ll be dark before it gets done,” Carl grumbled.

With all the things they needed, we all piled back into the truck. It was taking everything I could do to not get hard. With the kissing scene still fresh in my head, the pheromones filling the cab of the truck, and my having not been laid in who knows how long, I was as randy as an old goat.

Carl drove across a field, up to the front of a fenced area, and stopped the truck. He and Matt got out and I scrambled out after Matt. What I saw when I looked up was a huge bull charging right at me. “Oh shit!” I jumped back in the truck and slammed the door. The bull pulled up short right up to the fence, snorting and pawing the ground. Carl and Matt were laughing their asses off. Sliding across the seat of the truck, I got out on the driver’s side.

“Very funny, you guys. How was I supposed to know he’d stop at the fence?” I was not amused. Actually, I was a little pissed off.

“Ahhh, come on now, Carter,” Matt said as he pulled me to him in a sideways hug. “I know you didn’t know, but you have to admit you screamin’ like a girl was pretty damn funny.”

It was terribly hard to be mad at someone who was literally beaming a killer smile down at you with the most incredible eyes. I shrugged him off, “Okay, you’ve had your laugh at the expense of the city boy now.”

They both laughed again, but in good spirit, and got about their task. I tried to be helpful, but decided I was more in the way than I was helping, so I stood back and watched the two men do their thing. They made a great team. Anyone could see that they had worked together for a long time, each sensing what the other would need without speaking.

Seeing them working together, I not only saw the love between the two of them, I could feel it. It struck me then. I had come here with the same bigoted attitude as someone who would hate me for the simple fact I was gay. Feeling my face flush, my hands shaking, I took stock of myself

and I didn’t much like what I saw. I was no different than that preacher from the mid-west with his signs, ‘God hates fags.' Me, of all people, had come into these two men's lives with prejudice and preconceived notions. Anyone could clearly see they loved each other fiercely. Who was I to judge anyone’s relationship? Especially since I’d never had one myself. Embarrassed by my own thoughts, I knew I was going to have to have a serious self-butt kicking session. Re-evaluation was indeed in order.

It was hot when I got there, but the afternoon sun was bearing down on us and it was almost unbearable standing around with no shade. No sooner had I completed that thought then Carl stood up and stripped off his shirt. Matt saw him do it and followed suit. With each of them stripped to the waist, sweating and working side by side, it was every gay boy’s fantasy come to life. Their muscles were flexing and rippling as they moved.

Curly sandy-brown hair covered Carl’s chest, with his large pointy nipples standing out proudly. His pectoral muscles were well defined and tight. His stomach was what I’d been working towards for what seemed like forever and never achieved. It was also covered in that thick fur that disappeared beneath the top of his jeans. His shoulder muscles and lats looked like something from a men’s magazine that you find on the tables in barber shops. I always thought that those were airbrushed in, now I knew different. Carl’s, however, was from hard labor, not from some gym.

Matt was equally muscular without the hairy chest. He did have a slightly furry tummy, which looked like something you wanted to reach over and tickle. Again, I noticed the similarity in their looks. There was no mistaking that they were related, and being father and son made sense. Each man had worked up such a healthy sweat that the backs and fronts of their jeans were now damp. I had enough material for some serious jack off fantasies to last a lifetime. Damn, they were making me horny, or I should say hornier. That thought pulled me up short. Would I do anything with them? Because I knew that they were father and son, would that turn me off? Looking at them all hot and sweaty, I knew that answer was no. I’d do either one or both in a heartbeat.

“Hey, Carter, you wanna grab us a couple of those bottles of water in that cooler in the back of the truck?” Carl called out, standing there wiping the sweat off his face with his recently discarded T-shirt, looking like a wet dream come to life.

I hurried over to the back of the truck, stood on the back bumper, leaned over and got three bottles of ice-cold water. Jumping down, I walked over to hand them their cold drinks. Each of them chugged down the chilled liquid. Watching their Adam's apples bob up and down was even sexy.

"Thanks, Carter. You're mighty handy to have around, might just need to keep ya," Matt said grinning, which almost turned into a leer. That startled me. Carl busted out laughing, and then soon so was Matt. I must have blushed three shades of red, which only made them laugh harder.

With the water gone, they both went back to work. It wasn't long before Carl stood up, walked over behind Matt and swatted him hard on the ass. "I'm done with my part, what about you there, sweet cheeks?"

"Ow, that fucking hurt!" Matt turned around to confront Carl, but he'd already taken a few steps back making Matt stumble a bit as he was swung out to hit Carl in the midsection.

"I may be older than you, boy, but I'm still faster!" Carl laughed as Matt stumbled forward, missing him by a mile.

"Oh yeah?" Matt charged at Carl and Carl sidestepped him at the last minute, turning as he did, and pushed Matt on the back. Matt nearly went down, taking several long steps to recover his balance.

"Now don't go trying to show off in front of the comp'ny there, boy, you know it's fu-tile," Carl said, laughing even harder.

"Okay, I'll let it rest for now, but you got one comin' there, pops, just warning ya. You won't now when and you won't know how, but payback's a bitch, ya know," Matt said with an evil grin. "And for your information, I was done before you were. I was putting away my tools before I was so rudely accosted."

They both laughed good naturedly, and got the rest of the tools, trash, and whatever else was left over from their job, and loaded up the truck. The three of us back in the tight confines of that truck, going towards the house, was pure torture. The smell of fresh sweat, the heat coming off them, and their voices were going right through me. With the heady combination, it made me want to jump both of them right then and there, and hump their legs like a dog in heat. This was going to be a long night.

I thought the worst was over but I was so, so wrong.

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Chapter 4

THE SUN WAS far off to the west after we were done putting away all the tools and other supplies from the fencing job. I could easily see now why each of them had such large appetites. The physical labor they each had done today was easily a week's worth of work I would have done at the gym. Surprisingly enough, neither of them appeared all that tired, still joking and rough-housing with each other.

Carl parked the truck under a carport attached to an outbuilding situated to the left side of the house. From the carport, more stone pavers lead to what I assumed was the kitchen side of the house. Both Carl and Matt got out of the truck, each tossing their sweat soaked T-shirts on the hood. What I was watching was their daily routine, something that came as naturally to them as brushing their teeth. They completely stripped and went through the door of the outbuilding. I stood there dumbfounded.

Not long after they each stepped inside, Matt stuck his head out and asked if I was coming. I didn't know what to do. I peeked inside and saw that there was a large shower there with several showerheads. Shrugging, I figured why not. When in Rome do as the Romans do, huh? I stripped off my jeans and polo style shirt, leaving my tennis shoes next to the huge cowboy boots beside the truck. My shoes looked like kid's shoes compared to their enormous boots.

I have never been embarrassed of my body, but I was a little self-conscious next to these two. Honestly, who wouldn't be a little self-conscious standing next to two men who could easily have been Tom of Finland models? It was a little daunting, to say the least.

"Come on, boy, don't be shy." Carl grabbed me, pulling me into the shower area with them. He pushed my head under one of the showerheads, put me in a head lock, and proceeded to give me a noogie. I tried to get loose, but I soon realized that was useless. As soon as I stopped struggling, he let me go, laughing.

"Stick around long enough, you'll get used to it. I was just lucky enough to grow up and now I can hold my own against him." Matt smiled at me as he continued to wash away the day's dirt and grime, looking sexy as hell doing it.

“I’ll grill the steaks if you two will do some potatoes and a salad. Deal?” Carl asked as he lifted one of his big arms exposing his hairy, soapy armpit. Armpits were a real weakness of mine.

“That work for you, Carter?” Matt asked, looking directly at me, and I do mean really looking at me.

“Yeah, I can do that. I’m no gourmet or anything, but I can usually hold my own in the kitchen,” I stated. I was actually fairly competent in the kitchen, even though I was self-taught.

As I was rinsing off, I was able to glance at the two studs beside me, noticing another significant difference between them. Carl was circumcised while Matt was not. Also, Matt’s butt rode a little higher and was a little smaller than Carl’s. Not that either one of them had a bad looking ass, quite the contrary. Perhaps I was subconsciously trying to see them more differently, make them less father and son. Whatever it was, I was enjoying it.

Drying off, Matt had the nerve to pop my ass with his wet towel. He'd just made a serious mistake. I considered myself the towel-snapping champ of all time. Without hesitation, I wound my towel up and let go with a triple shot, getting each ass cheek and upper thigh on his right leg. Matt yelped, as much from surprise as from actual pain, I think. Although, from the marks I left, I was sure there was a fair amount of pain too.

“You go, boy!” Carl said as he was laughing. “Oh, the look on your face, Matt. Now that was priceless. I wish I would’a had a camera just then. What a shot that would have made.” He was laughing so hard he had tears running down his face. Matt stood there with a hand on each ass cheek, not knowing exactly what to say.

“I’m going to poison each of your potatoes, I swear it.” The pouting look on his face as he tried to retort to Carl and I was actually endearing. At least it was to me.

“I’m sorry, Matt. Want me to rub it and make it better?” I said in a baby voice.

“No, but I’ll let you kiss it though,” he said, teasing.

I was feeling at ease, falling into the jovial banter that often happened in shower rooms. “Bend over buster, I’ll kiss it good.” I said,

giving it right back to him.

He bent over, offering up his ass to me and I leaned over, kissed one cheek and then the other, and before I stood up, I got a good mouth full and bit down. I bit him just hard enough that he could feel it real good. Again, he yelped, jumping as he stood up. That sent Carl into another fit of laughter.

“Damn, Carter, we need to keep you ’round just for laughs. Not many can put Matt in his place like you just did. And ya did it twice in five minutes.” Carl was holding his stomach he was laughing so hard again.

“Yeah, yeah, you guys laugh it up. I’ll get the last laugh, just y’all wait.” Matt tried to walk out indignantly, but it wasn’t working mostly because of the two matching red marks on his ass. They kinda looked like eyes, which set Carl off into another round of laughter.

As Carl and I walked towards the house, each of us carrying our clothes he asked, “You have a change of clothes, Carter?”

“I have my bag in the car.” I fished out the keys to the rental car and was about to head that way when Carl stopped me.

“Give me your dirty clothes. I’ll run a load of wash tonight after dinner,” He held out his hand to me.

“Umm, but I’m naked,” I stuttered.

“Carter… look around you. There’s no one ‘round but us. We’re almost a mile and a half from the road. Who’s gonna see you ‘cept me and Matt here, and we’ve already seen it all,” he said teasingly, leering at me.

“Point taken,” I said as I handed him my dirty clothes.

I walked tenderly across the gravel to the rental car to get my bag. My feet were stinging from the sharp rocks by the time I got back to the house. When I walked in, Matt was already in the kitchen, still naked. Carl walked through a door that I hadn’t noticed before.

“Got any other dirty clothes you need washed, Carter?” Carl asked.

“Um… just what I wore on the plane last night,” I said.

“Let me have ‘em and I’ll throw those in as well. Don’t have quite a full load,” he replied, walking towards me, also still naked. I couldn’t help but notice his dick swinging as he casually strode in my direction.

I squatted down and opened up my small carry-on sized bag. I pulled out the shirt, slacks, socks and white *Calvin Klein* briefs I'd worn the night before. When I looked up to hand Carl the clothes, I was looking up at his very healthy sized cock and balls. His balls were a work of art. Large egg shaped, covered in a light dusting of hair the same color as the rest of his body hair. The head of his dick was perfect. I could only imagine what it looked like, felt like, hard.

I handed him the dirty clothing as I quickly went back to my carry on, looking for something to put on. The only thing I had was a ratty old pair of work out shorts that I could wear if I needed to answer the door of the hotel room. I closed the bag, zipped it up, and started to stand up. Carl was still there with his hand out.

"Oh no, this is what I'm going to put on," I told him.

He looked at me kind of puzzled, "What for?"

"Um… to wear?" I answered like he wasn't thinking straight or something.

"You don't need to put anything on, we never do." Carl snatched the shorts out of my hands, and turned and walked away. I was left squatting on the floor next to my suitcase with nothing in there but my toiletry kit, a spare pair of underwear, which I could wear, I guessed, but somehow that seemed inappropriate. I sighed, put my suitcase next to the front door, and walked over to the kitchen to help with dinner.

"What can I do to help, Matt?" I asked when I got there.

"Here." Matt handed me a basket with a handle, the kind of basket I normally saw peaches in at the farmers market. "Follow me."

We walked out the back door onto a deck, down a few steps and across a nice yard area. There was a large garden beyond that. Matt pointed out various vegetables as we strolled along side of the well-kept garden. Off to one side was a patch where we stopped and gathered fresh strawberries. The berries were still warm from the sun. Not being able to help myself, I popped a few in my mouth. They were so fresh and had so much more flavor, unlike those you'd get in a grocery store.

"Somethin' that we have to do tomorrow is to get the rest of these picked 'fore they go bad. It's getting too hot for strawberries," Matt

informed me as he squatted down picking red ripe fruit. It was rather erotic watching as his cock and balls dangled, his dick almost touching the ground. The use of ‘we’ didn’t go unnoticed either.

With all the strawberries we needed for that night, he took me to an area that was shaded by what looked like a canopy. Underneath was a huge patch of salad greens. There was every kind of salad green I could imagine and a few I wasn’t sure about. “Pick whichever you like. Carl is particularly fond of that red bib lettuce over there in the corner. I like it all, so get whatever floats your boat.”

With a pair of garden shears, I started gathering several different types of salad greens. Like Carl, I liked bib lettuce, but my favorite was the butter bib, so I loaded up on both as the main greens. Further, over on the other side of the garden, Matt pulled a fresh onion and put it in the basket. On the way towards the house, we picked cucumber and a bell pepper, completing everything we would need for a great, fresh salad. Matt and I walked back to the house, the air beginning to cool as twilight settled upon us.

Carl was on the back deck working the grill. As Matt and I got to the deck, I could see that Carl had the charcoal lit and was cleaning the grilling surface wearing an apron with ‘Kiss the Cook’ written across it. Of course, that was all he was wearing. On one side of the steps was the grill and on the other a decent sized patio table with six chairs and a large umbrella. Further down the deck behind Carl and the grill was a large hammock and behind that a nice sized hot tub. These guys had it all.

Back in the kitchen, Matt and I got busy. Matt commented on my knife skills as I cut the fresh veggies for the salad, and he got the potatoes ready to go into the oven. Carl came in and pulled the steaks from the refrigerator asking if we wanted to eat outside. Matt and I readily agreed, thinking that would be a great idea. We finished the salad and then put the potatoes in the oven. Matt and I set the table.

With the potatoes done, Matt put a tater on a small plate for each of us and took them out to the table. Carl said the meat was done so Matt and I sat down at the table while Carl served up the beef. When Carl set a plate with a steak on it in front of me, I did a double take. The thing not only took up the whole plate, but overlapped it on the sides. It had to be at least an

inch and a half thick. There was no way I would be able to finish it. It reminded me of something from a *Flintstones* cartoon.

“You are kidding right? This is how you normally eat?” I looked at the both of them as they started cutting into their potatoes slopping on butter and sour cream.

“Yeah, anything wrong?” Matt asked.

“There is enough meat here for a family of four! I can’t eat all this,” I retorted.

“Don’t worry about it,” Carl said. “What you don’t eat Matt will finish off, I’m sure.”

Dinner was great. The steak was the best that I had ever had. The salad was beyond belief with everything so fresh. Of course, you can’t go wrong with potatoes with butter and sour cream slopped on it. There was plenty of cold beer. The conversation was light and Matt was constantly making us laugh. Of course, I couldn’t even eat half of the Brontosaurus steak as I started calling it, and true to Carl’s word, Matt did finish it off for me. Where Matt put all that food was beyond me.

The three of us sat there afterwards, stuffed to the gills, just enjoying the transition from day to night, and relishing each other’s company. Off to the southwest there was a slight flash of light. Carl looked and squinted his eyes. “Looks like we might be in for a little storm later, might want to clean up and batten down the hatches.”

It didn’t take us long to get everything inside. I volunteered to rinse and put the dishes in the dishwasher and tidy up the kitchen while the guys went outside to put things away, doing whatever they needed to do before the storm hit. They said that storms this time of year could get pretty nasty, but they were used to it.

While I was taking care of the kitchen duties, I was able to think about the day. I was still kicking myself for my prejudice, but there was something else tickling me in the back of my mind. There was something here. Something that I couldn’t quite put my finger on. It was just out of my reach. It was a feeling I had deep in my gut. Then it dawned on me. This was a home and it was filled with love and respect. I stood there frozen for a few moments. This was what a home should feel like, I finally deduced.

Throughout the entire day, I had been able to observe these two incredible, sexy men interact with each other and myself. They had worked hard together, joked and cut up, and most importantly, loved each other. What hit me like a brick was that they had extended that love towards me. That was something that I don't think I had ever experienced before. I stood there dumbfounded.

Once I pulled myself out of my stupor, I got the last of the kitchen cleaned up and thought to myself that the entire night, all three of us had been completely nude the whole time and it felt totally natural to me now. Matt and Carl came in as I was wiping down the last of the countertops. Carl went to the refrigerator and got each of us a fresh beer. Matt had turned the stereo on, putting on some classic rock. Piling onto the large leather sectional we pretty much got to know each other a little better. They wanted to find out about me, which I didn't mind. It was so easy talking to them. After a bit, Matt got up and brought each of us fresh strawberry shortcake with fresh whipped cream, which was delicious. After eating desert, I was so full I felt like a fat tick, ready to pop.

"If I ate like this every day, I'd be as big as a house," I informed them. "As it is, I'll have to go to the gym everyday next week and stay an hour longer just to pay for this one meal."

"Stick 'round here, city boy, and you won't need that gym. We'll work that city boy ass and make a real man outta ya," Carl responded, grinning.

By this time Matt had pushed his way in between Carl's legs with his back laying against his chest. With these guys sitting on it, the sectional sofa didn't look so big, especially with Matt's long legs stretched out almost the entire length of one side.

A loud blaring noise made me jump straight up. "This is an emergency weather alert…." Matt got the remote for the stereo and muted the music. "The following counties are under a tornado warning…" the emergency radio blasted.

"Looks like we're gonna need to move this party downstairs for a while. Let's move it, boys." Carl pushed Matt up, and they both stood.

"I assume we're in the path of a tornado?" I managed to squeak out.

“Yeah, but it’s probably nothing. It’s always better to be safe than sorry though. Don’t worry, we have a great basement with all the luxuries of home,” Matt said and he grabbed me in one of his side to side hugs that I was getting used to. Not only getting used to but looking forward to.

Matt wasn’t kidding when he said that they had everything anyone would need in the basement. When you first went down the stairs there was a large pool table and an old style jukebox with a bar on one wall. Matt gave me a tour, showing me that on the other side of the bar was what Carl called the safe house. There was a small kitchenette, a small living room with a sofa, chair, and entertainment center with more movies than I could believe. Another door and a bedroom area, a king size bed, with a full bathroom beyond that.

The emergency weather radio gave another update. “Time to button up,” Carl said as he closed the door between the stairs and the apartment downstairs. Hell, the safe house was bigger that my apartment in the city. It was the door that caught my attention. It had to be at least six inches thick and had two steel drop-down bars to secure it.

“Are we in any danger?” I was starting to get a bit nervous.

“Not down here we’re not. Carl has this thing about disasters. Last time I looked, I think we have enough supplies down here to last three months. Of course, he’d be more of a nut case than he already is long before we could use all those supplies, so I don’t know why he bothers.” Matt goaded his father/lover.

“Very funny, it never hurts to be prepared.” Carl scowled.

Carl sat down in the chair and turned the television on to a local station that was covering the storm. The newscaster was outside reporting about the wind and rain in local area. The broadcast then cut back to a newsroom with an updated weather report mentioning where the storm was and verifying that there was a reported tornado on the ground. He mentioned some areas, and Carl and Matt looked at each other. I saw the look of concern on Carl’s face.

“Is that close to here?” I wanted to know.

“It’s close by but still not on top of us,” Carl confirmed, looking concerned but not panicky.

“Don’t worry, Carter, we’ll be fine.” Matt grabbed me and practically pulled me into his lap. I had to admit that his strong arms around me felt really good about then.

The weather forecaster was back with his radar screen showing the line of storms backed up, which all seemed to be moving in our direction. “Might as well get comfortable, looks like we might be in for a long night.” Carl sighed.

The three of us continued to watch the emergency weather broadcast. Carl and I watched more intensely than Matt. When Matt yawned, I did also, almost as though it were contagious. After a few more extended yawns, Carl insisted that Matt and I turn in. He said that he was going to stay up a bit longer to keep an eye on things.

Matt pushed me through the bedroom into the bathroom. He took out a family pack of new toothbrushes. We each brushed our teeth, took turns peeing into the toilet and then he pushed me into the large king sized bed. I was beginning to get used to everything here being oversized. However, with these large guys, it needed to be. I guess I just wasn’t used to everything being so big. It made me feel small in some ways.

I must have been a lot more tired that I realized. As soon as I got comfortable, I started dozing off. Just as I was getting ready to go into a deep sleep, I felt Matt pull me towards him spooning me from behind. His large arm holding me against his chest was the last thing I remember until…

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Chapter 5

I HAD TO be having a dream. I was warm and so comfy but it felt like someone was kissing my neck, while I had the distinct sensation of someone sucking my dick and playing with my balls. When I opened my eyes, I knew instantly I wasn't dreaming.

Turning my head slightly, I saw it was Carl who was kissing my neck. The light was on in the bathroom with the door slightly open, illuminating the room just enough for me to see. I glanced down at the lump beneath the covers. Its bobbing matched the feeling I was having of someone blowing me. I knew it had to be Matt that was giving me head. I could only groan. I was in sensory overload. When a finger started teasing me under my balls, stroking the 'taint', my back arched pushing against the finger. My legs automatically spread giving him more access to that very private area.

Meanwhile, Carl had moved down and began teasing my right nipple. He teased it by licking and then lightly biting and sucking harder on the now very sensitive bud. It was all getting to be too much. I knew that I would come if this continued. Matt must have sensed that I was very close, as he pulled off my dick and went to sucking and licking my balls instead.

Carl moved away from my nipple and started kissing me like I had never been kissed before. I thought he was sucking the life out of me, he was kissing me so hard. It felt like he was crawling inside my mouth, he so invaded me, taking over my body. All the while, Matt started chewing and sucking on my now very sensitive perineum, driving me crazy. I totally lost all control of my body, pushing and bucking into Matt's talented mouth, trying to swallow Carl whole while losing my mind. I had never been so sexually charged in my life. I didn't even know my body could feel anything close to this.

Carl finally let me come up for air and Matt threw back the covers and looked at me with the biggest Cheshire cat grin I think I'd ever seen. I couldn't help but laugh. Matt started crawling up my body like a large predatory cat. I got the distinct feeling that I was about to be eaten alive, and I didn't care. Once he got as far as my nipples, he stopped to give them a good morning rousting, nipping, chewing, licking and sucking until I

thought he was going to devour them completely. Somehow, I was okay with that.

Satisfied that he had driven my now almost raw nipples over the edge, he moved up and started to attack my neck. Giving it the same treatment as my now overly sensitive, raw nubs, he continued to move up to my jaw line and eventually took over my mouth. His kissing made me aware that my lips were a little tender from Carl's ministrations from earlier. Without warning, my legs were lifted up and my now available ass was being lavished with a thick wet tongue, sending my mind into orbit.

I don't know who it was but someone started to fondle and play with my balls, pulling them down and away from my body. Once again, they were bringing me close to the edge then instinctively backing off, leaving me panting. Each of them had taken over my body and when they pulled away, I wasn't sure I could even move.

Opening my eyes, I saw Carl on the right side and Matt on the left, both on their knees, leaning over me, passionately kissing each other. Carl had his hand on the nape of Matt's neck, pulling him hard into the kiss and Matt had both hands planted firmly on Carl's shoulders. It was without a doubt one of the sexiest things I think I'd ever seen.

I let my eyes wander down each of their bodies, that were so similar but different at the same time. I saw their large erections pointing up, one cut and one uncut. Both were beauties. The smell of them permeated the air, a smell of pure animalistic sex. Each with their own different aroma —if only it could be bottled and sold. I could watch the two of them kiss and be quite happy just doing that.

Carl and Matt broke their kiss and looked into each other eyes, and there was no mistaking the love and energy that passed between them. Then they looked down at me and smiled, surprising me, with a lot of love directed at me. Carl lay down over me and then rolled the both of us over with me on top of him, where he started to kiss me again. This time his kisses were more gentle and loving.

Behind me, I felt Matt push me up onto my knees with my butt in the air. I could feel his hands rubbing my back moving down lower, then stroking the cheeks of my ass. I felt his warm breath wafting over my still somewhat moist hole where Carl had so expertly rimmed me. Then I felt

Matt's tongue slowly licking me from beneath my balls to the top of my ass. Over and over he did this, pushing me further and further into a sexual heat. Carl kept up with the assault, kissing me harder and harder with more and more heated passion, pushing me closer to the edge.

Matt started to zero in on just working my now twitching hole. It had been so long since I'd had any sex and even longer since I had this kind of attention there, if I'd ever had this kind of attention. I'd forgotten how good sex could be. Matt obviously enjoyed it and was very good at it, not that Carl was any slacker in that department either. My body responded without any conscious thought on my part, pushing back and lifting, meeting each movement that Matt made. It was like a well-choreographed dance that had been practiced again and again, each of us knowing our roles.

I gasped when I felt one of Matt's larger fingers playing with my hole in tandem with his tongue, adding a whole different sensation. He must have pulled out some lube from somewhere because he was able to start working his large digit into me easily while still using his tongue. Never before had anyone done this to me or for me; the feeling was exhilarating. Before I knew it I was pushing back, wanting more, and Matt didn't disappoint. Gently, he eased in another one of his large fingers, filling me, stretching me, all the while rimming me. Carl was back to licking and kissing my neck, having found a particular spot just above my collarbone that had always been an erogenous zone for me. Only thing I could do was moan like a cheap wanton slut. I was without a doubt having one of the most exquisite sexual experiences in all of my twenty-four years.

Thinking I couldn't take it anymore, Matt took it to another level by adding yet another finger, teasing my over stimulated ass muscle. He pushed until it gave way, letting all three fingers inside me, filling my already full rectum. With a turn of his wrist, he put direct pressure on my prostate, making me see fireworks behind my closed eyelids. I thought I was going to come right then and there, but he pulled back a bit, leaving me totally frustrated and my balls aching.

I must have made a noise or something, letting him know that he had the hot button and he was about to send me over the edge of no return because once again, he backed off. Not pulling out, but moving away from that sweet spot that most assuredly would have made me come. Carl took

over my mouth once more and Matt continued to twist, scissor, and stretch my hole, but not as intensely, letting me come back down a bit.

Without notice, Matt withdrew his fingers, leaving me feeling stretched and empty. I whined my disappointment into Carl's mouth, pushing my ass back, telling Matt I wanted more. I heard Matt chuckle behind me. Carl broke the kiss and with his hands on my shoulders pushed me up into a sitting position. Feeling his hard cock pulsing against my balls, I knew what was about to happen next and I was more than ready for it. I could hear the tearing of a condom packet behind me. One of them lined up the ample sized dick to my prepared hole and slowly lowered me down. The large head breached the outer ring of my entrance and slowly pushed into me, stretching me. They stopped for a minute to let me adjust to the girth of the large member that was going to no doubt dominate me very soon. Gently they let me slide down, letting it fill me like I had never been filled before. I felt Carl's pubic hair brush against my balls so I knew I had taken all of him. Matt pulled me back against his strong chest, my head falling back onto his shoulder. He wrapped his big arms around me and kissed my neck, letting me sit there, feeling and experiencing everything.

Carl was stroking my chest, and lightly playing with my nipples. I couldn't take being still any longer. I had to move. I wanted to feel his big dick in me. Rocking back and forth, I let them both know I was ready to move on. Carl put his hands on my hips and lifted me a little then let me slowly slide back down. Placing my hands on his fur covered pectorals, my body took over as I started to slowly ride him, feeling him slide in and out of me. It was incredible.

Matt had come around and was kissing Carl passionately again. I would never tire of watching these two men make out with each other. Watching them only heightened my desire, which I hadn't thought possible. Before long, I was slamming myself up and down on Carl's dick. He was matching me thrust for thrust, meeting me halfway. Matt pulled away from Carl, watching. The lust on his face was obvious. Our eyes locked and as if in slow motion he closed the distance between us and then he was kissing me, softly at first. I wasn't having any of that, so I pulled his face in and kissed him hard. I wanted to eat him alive, right then. I couldn't get enough of him. Carl slammed into me, burying deep, and that was all it took. I started blasting. I could actually feel my cum surging from the base of my

cock, up and out, shooting all the way to the base of Carl's neck. I knew that my balls were going to fly out of my dick, I was coming so hard. Hell, I was afraid my toenails were going to shoot out through the head of my dick, it was so intense. Grabbing my dick with my hand, I nursed my orgasm to make it last even longer.

Totally spent, I had no muscle control at all. It was if every bone in my body had suddenly turned to *Jello*. Matt was holding me up when I was finally able to open my eyes. He was grinning at me like I was the most entertaining thing he'd ever seen. I returned the grin, I think.

"My turn," he whispered as he kissed me gently.

I was hoping he wasn't implying that it was his turn to fuck me, because I didn't think I could have taken another session right then. What scared me a bit was I knew that if that was what he wanted, there was nothing I could do to stop him, nor would I want to. I felt as weak as a newborn kitten.

Matt hugged me while lifting me off Carl's still hard dick. Damn, that man had some staying power. Matt rolled me onto my back on the other side of Carl then leaned over and planted another one of those kisses on me that could stop time.

Carl rolled Matt over onto his back, and pulled off the condom he'd had on. He found the lube and started applying it to Matt's ass and his still very hard dick. Looking deep into Matt's eyes, Carl lifted Matt's legs to his shoulder's, positioned himself at Matt's hole and pushed in gently. There was only a slight grimace on Matt's face, telling me that he was used to Carl's large cock. Carl slowly pushed all the way into Matt and stopped. Allowing Matt's legs to fall into the crook of his arms, he slowly leaned forward and kissed Matt gently. They were staring into each other's eyes like I wasn't even there. Somehow, that didn't make me feel uncomfortable or like a third wheel. It was like they were sharing a part of themselves with me that no one else was allowed to see, the secret love they had for each other. There was no doubt in my mind that they truly were in love with each other.

"I love you, Matt." Carl spoke softly, almost a whisper. The expression on his face was that of total adoration.

"I love you, too, so much," Matt replied to his father, his lover.

Carl started slowly pumping in and out of Matt, making Matt moan, throwing his head back. Matt reached for me, turning his head. Our eyes met and I saw how much love the man had to give, and I felt a warmth come over me. Leaning in towards him, I kissed Matt gently. I pulled away from Matt to look up into Carl's dark blue eyes. His eyes were questioning. I knew the question. He was asking if I accepted them for who they were. To answer him, I reached up and pulled his mouth to mine, still close to Matt's face. I kissed him softly, wanting him to feel the warmth that I felt coming from Matt. The energy exchange that happened between the three of us at that moment will be long lasting and a permanent part of my psyche. I turned back and kissed Matt again, hoping he felt what I was trying to convey to his father.

Lifting up some, Carl turned to face Matt and then slammed his dick into him, getting a rather loud 'Ahhh' from Matt, his eyes rolling back in his head. He pulled back and slammed into him again. Reaching over, I started to tweak and play with Matt's left nipple, getting a quick intake of breath from him. He arched his back, pushing the nipple further into my hand. Leaning over further, I took the perky nub into my mouth, giving it a real work out.

Carl started picking up the pace and it wasn't long until he was pile driving into Matt's ass. Matt was tossing his head back and forth. He reached around and grabbed me, pulling me close to him. Carl pulled back to where he was on his knees holding Matt by the ankles, spreading his legs wide. I could now see Matt's hard dick with a large puddle of pre-cum soaking his belly, above his navel.

"Oh fuck me, daddy, fuck me hard. Please!" Matt was almost screaming.

Not being able to help myself, I leaned in and licked up all the pre-cum I could get and then pulled back the skin of his now almost purple cock, licking the head searching out as much of the precious elixir I could find. Doing what came naturally, I swallowed as much of his twitching dick as I could. I started to seriously suck Matt. I scooted up so I could get a better angle and Matt's hand wrapped around me, grabbing my once again hard dick. I didn't even realize I had gotten hard again, but it didn't matter. My main focus was now centered completely on Matt's hard dick in my mouth. I was like a starving man who hadn't had a meal in a week. I was

swallowing Matt further and further, until I was pushing my chin into his bushy pubic area, which was no small feat considering his size.

“Oh God, I’m coming. I’m coming,” Matt yelled, his head thrown back, the cords of his neck muscles extended, face red.

I felt the first blast of cum toward the back of my throat. Not wanting to miss a single drop, I pulled back to where the head was resting on my tongue while my hand nursed his shooting dick through his orgasm.

“Here Matt… I’m giving it to you… here’s my load, babe!” Carl growled out and then he bellowed like I would imagine a bull doing.

Carl slammed into his son again and I got another large shot of Matt’s thick heavy cream. Carl’s back was arched, pushing as much of himself as was possible into his son’s ass. It was a moment frozen in time for me, and then he collapsed on top of the two of us. I barely got my head out of the way before it was trapped between their bodies.

Both were panting like they had run a marathon, which in a way they had.

“I love you, daddy.”

“I love you, Matt, more and more every day.” Carl’s voice was husky.

He rolled off Matt with a grunt. “You young’uns are going to be the death of me. I can’t keep up with you anymore.”

Matt chuckled. “I think you did just fine there, old man.”

“I’ll second that motion,” I chimed in.

Matt and I smiled at each other.

“Looks like someone needs a little release there,” Matt said, noticing my hard dick which I had forgotten all about.

He pushed me back and went down on me again, and with only a few bobs of his head, I gave him my second load in what was a relatively short time since the first load I’d blown. My eyes crossed and my toes curled. It was another mind-blowing orgasm.

Once I was able to catch my breath, I got a nice kiss from both Matt and Carl. It was sweet and gentle. This was a new experience for me, kissing two men at once. One I hoped to repeat in the very near future. We

all looked at each other grinning. I was completely satiated… for the time being anyway.

"Shall we go upstairs and see what we got to deal with?" Carl asked.

"Yeah, and food too," Matt quickly added.

I only nodded. Matt got a nice swat on the ass as he got up and I had to laugh at the 'go to hell' look he gave Carl. I shouldn't have because I got one equally hard as I got up. Matt turned and laughed. "What ya get for laughing!"

We all walked upstairs ready to see what Mother Nature had left for us to deal with.

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Chapter 6

MATT OPENED THE door to the kitchen cautiously. Not seeing anything out of the ordinary, he walked into the kitchen, looked around and went directly to the coffee pot. Following close behind him, I stopped and had a big stretch. Carl swooped in behind me. He picked me up, and using his chin, gave me a noogie with his thick beard stubble.

“Ow, damn!” I hollered, my feet kicking the air.

Matt turned around and giggled. I was dangling, trying to get away from Carl who had me in a bear hug from behind, and was now rubbing his scratchy chin against the bare skin of my shoulder and neck.

“Let me down, you goon,” I managed to squeak out.

Carl dropped me to my feet and then gave me another swat on the ass.

“Now I got two kids to harass. I’m gonna enjoy this!” Carl was clearly enjoying this way too much. I looked at Matt and he nodded. I knew then that he’d be getting a payback sometime today.

I strode over to the door and looked outside. The sun had just come up and there was a light fog hugging the ground in the distance, just past the garden. The scene looked peaceful and serene. Stepping out onto the back deck, one could see that it was anything but. The chairs and table we had dined at last night were scattered across the deck and the yard. The top was missing from the hot tub, and some rather large limbs and branches from trees littered the yard as well.

Carl walked out behind me, handing me a cup of strong black coffee. Good thing I was okay taking it black. We stood there for a moment and then Matt came out to join us.

“Looks like we’ve got some work cut out for us,” Carl pointed out. “It’s not as bad as it could have been though.” He turned, looking behind us at the roof. “Doesn’t seem as if we lost any shingles, but I’ll need to get up there and make sure.”

“Um, guys… if you'd like, I can stay for a few days and help out. I mean, if you don’t mind. I don’t want to impose or anything.” I could feel myself blushing, like maybe I was over stepping my boundaries. Like a ton of bricks, I realized I didn’t want to leave.

“You don’t have to do that.” Carl looked surprised. “If you want to stay, you are more than welcome to, but you don’t have to work to stay.” He was dead serious.

“I’d like to. It would be nice if you’d let me,” I said sincerely.

“Carter, I know we just met and all, but I think I can speak for Carl as well as for myself when I say we feel a connection with you. It’s like we’ve known you a lot longer than the twenty-four hours you’ve been here. You’re more than welcome to stick around for as long as you want. If you want to help out, if that makes you feel better, then I’m sure we’d appreciate any help you wanna give. It’d be like having the little brother I always wanted. And you sure are little.” Matt was teasing me, but I felt the sincerity of what he was saying.

“I agree with Matt. Carter, you stick around as long as you want.” Carl turned and picked me up, planting one of those cartoon-like smacking kisses on me. “You’re just so cute and cuddly.” He leered at me.

“Would you fucking put me down? Damn, you two, stop picking me up. I’m not a little kid.” I tried my best to give them a good indignant pout, but I couldn’t without laughing.

They both laughed at me, or with me. It was a great feeling being around these strong and very confident men. For the first time in a long time, I felt free from the everyday stresses that life can sometimes impose on you. It had been awhile since I had taken a vacation and I felt more relaxed and at ease than any vacation I’d ever had. It was energizing. This was a feeling that I was having a hard time defining; it was different.

“Well. I guess we need to get something to eat before we do a full inspection of what all else there is to deal with,” Carl said as he downed the last of his coffee.

I watched as Carl rubbed his furry chest, with the remnants of my cum dried there. “Might want to take a shower, don’t ya think?” I commented.

“Why?” Carl winked at me. “Don’t you like your stank on me? I kinda like it myself, what’cha think, Matt?”

“Smells pretty good to me,” Matt added as he leaned in close to Carl’s chest taking a deep breath, then licking him. “Taste pretty good, too!”

“You’re both disgusting.” I frowned at them, but was kind of pleased at the same time. It was flattering in a way that Carl wanted to wear my cum on him all day. I can only imagine what he would smell like after he worked up a good sweat that would mingle with my seed all over him. *Damn, I’m turning into a total pig*. I laughed to myself.

I spun around on my heel, trying to be as indignant as I could. I walked into the house and back to the kitchen to refill my cup of coffee. When I had that done, I was kind of at a loss, not knowing what to do just then. I wasn’t sure where my clothes were. Giggling to myself, I came to the conclusion that I didn’t really care if I got dressed or not.

“I think we should just make him run around naked all day, what’cha think, Matt?” Carl teased me, as if reading my mind.

“Not if we expect to get any work done. One or each of us will be wanting to tap that ass and not be able to concentrate on much else.” Matt ruffled my hair on his way over to the coffee maker.

“Yeah, I guess you gotta point there. But if we didn’t have so much to do, I think we’d have to keep him naked. Ain’t nuttin’ wrong with having a little eye candy around.” Now it was Matt’s turn to be harassed by Carl. “I’m tired of lookin’ at your sorry ass all the time. Nice to have some fresh meat around.”

“Fine, old man, I’ll remember that the next time you’re feeling all lovey-dovey and shit,” Matt huffed good naturedly.

“Oh, now don’t go being like that, baby. You know I still love you more than my boots, and them boots are good and broke in.” Carl winked at me before following Matt down the hall to what I assumed was their bedroom. “Your clothes are in the dryer in the mud room, Carter… if you want them that is,” he called out over his shoulder.

Laughing, I went to get my clothes and got dressed.

*****

With all three of us packed into the front seat of the truck, we toured the farm, checking out the damage from the storm. It looked pretty bad from my perspective, but both Matt and Carl thought that it was relatively light considering how bad it could have been. Most of it, they pointed out,

was only tree limbs and branches. There were several spots where some of the limbs had fallen across some of the barbed wire fencing, but they said that wouldn't be that difficult to repair. Luckily, none of the cattle had gotten out, or so it appeared.

The bull pens all were damage free, and that had been Carl's biggest concern. The chicken coop, however, didn't fare as well. The wind had blown it completely off its foundation and it had broken apart. Matt said that the biggest issue was rounding up all the chickens before some of the local wildlife got to them. As we drove up to a large barn, it appeared that the strong winds had blown some of the metal roofing off, which had disappeared to somewhere as yet to be determined. Matt and Carl counted eight or possibly nine sheets that would have to be replaced, again something they didn't seem all that worried about, but it needed to be taken care of first and foremost. The biggest concern was keeping all the feed and hay dry, they informed me.

"I'm a thinkin' that we make up a list of what we're gonna need to get things fixed up and Matt, you go and get 'em," Carl suggested. "Meanwhile, me and Carter can start clearing some of these branches and such."

"Carter and I," Matt said, shaking his head.

"Yeah, well… whatever. You know what I meant, smartass," Carl said indignantly.

"Okay. That sounds like a good, solid plan." Matt smiled.

He pulled a note pad from the glove box of the truck, and he and Carl made a short list of things that they needed right now and a list of things that could wait if Matt didn't have enough room in the truck.

"Oh, and make sure to pick up a pair of Mules here for short-shit. I doubt any of ours is gonna fit 'im," Carl said, adding to the already long list of things that would be needed.

I looked at him like he was crazy. "What in the hell will I do, or need, with mules?"

Carl and Matt laughed. "They're a brand of leather work gloves there, city boy." Matt snorted as he wrote it down in the notebook.

Carl drove all of us back to the house in the truck so that Matt could take it to go into town. Carl and I would use the tractor with a flatbed trailer hooked up to it, and start on some of the work.

After Matt left, Carl and I walked over to the barn.

"I think we can start cleanin' up here first," he said, looking around. "We'll get all the brush piled up here and then use the shredder."

"The what?"

"It's that big red thing over there." Carl pointed to a machine not far from the double-doors of the barn. "It'll eat up all this debris and make some good mulch for the garden and flowerbeds around the house."

"Oh… okay," I replied. I wasn't sure how that was going to work, but I was game to whatever he had planned.

For the first time in my life, I rode on the side of a tractor. Carl said that later on he would show me how to drive it. We made our way out to where there was the most brush that needed tending to. I found that those gloves of Matt's were way too big and kept wanting to slip off. The realization of how important good work-gloves were made me wish that he would hurry up and get back, hopefully with some that fit. It didn't take us long to work up a respectable sweat, and we both stripped off our shirts. I noticed that my polo shirt was pretty much toast, but I didn't mind. I was actually enjoying myself. I know a good part of that was because I was able to spend time with Carl. Working alongside of him allowed me to get to know the man better, much better than any interview.

Sometime around noon, Carl said we should stop, cool down, rinse off, and get something to eat. He also said it shouldn't be too much longer before Matt got back with most of the supplies that we'd need. We took the tractor back to the barn, the trailer fully loaded with debris. I followed Carl to the carport where we both stripped and proceeded into the shower room. The cool water felt good and refreshing. Washing all the dust and dirt off my body left me feeling rejuvenated.

I noticed that Carl was watching me with a slight grin on his face. I had a feeling I knew what he was thinking, since I had been thinking it most of the morning. I finished rinsing off and stood there letting the water wash over me, my eyes closed, my hands braced against the wall.

When Carl was finished rinsing off, I opened my eyes and slowly walked towards him. “Carl, would you do me a favor?”

“Sure, Carter. If I can, that is,” he replied.

“Will you please let me suck your dick?”

I think I got him with that one. For the first time since we’d met he was at a loss for words. When he finally found his voice, he smiled at me and said, “Carter, you can suck my dick any ol’ time you want, within reason of course. Don’t need you trying to suck me off in the middle of the store or nothin’, mind you.” He chuckled, a twinkle in his eye.

That was all the invitation I needed. I dropped to my knees in front of him, taking his already hardening dick in my hand. Licking my lips, I started to give him the best blowjob I could. I slid my tongue around the deepening purple head of his now hard dick, and then pushed the tip of it into the slit, scooping out any sweet pre-cum he might give me. I had him moaning in no time.

He reached down, put his hands on either side of my face and took over, gently fucking my face in a slow steady pace. Timing his strokes, I opened up my throat to allow him in. I put my hands on his hips and pulled until my nose was buried in his thick pubic hair. When he bottomed out in my throat, he groaned, so I knew he was enjoying it.

I let him continue, the pace he set keeping my throat open and massaging the head each time he pushed all the way in. Each time he bottomed out, he would pause for a moment, enjoying the feeling before pulling back. With one hand, I started to play with his balls, massaging them, drawing them down, making him really groan. With the other hand, I gathered some of my slobber that was dripping down his wet dick and started to rub it against his hole, massaging it. When I slipped my middle finger in to the knuckle, it sent him over the edge.

The man unloaded what felt like a gallon of cum, flooding my mouth. There was so much that I couldn’t keep up and some escaped, even though I had my lips firmly locked around his cock. I kept on sucking until he pushed me away, his dick too sensitive to let me go on.

“Damn boy, you sure do suck a mean dick. I’ve not had that good a blowjob in quite a while. I almost forgot how much I enjoyed it,” Carl panted out. His face flushed and eyes fluttering open and closed.

“Doesn’t Matt blow you?” I asked, surprised.

“Yeah, when I let him, I guess. Most of the time I want to suck him and fuck him.” Carl laughed. “I’ve not given him much of a chance to, I reckon. I’ll have to change that.”

“Well, I know firsthand he is really good at it. I’d let him do me any time.” I smiled at Carl.

Carl leaned down and started licking the sides of my mouth where some of his tasty spunk had leaked out, then he kissed me. When he was done, he pulled me into a nice hug. We stood there under the showerhead, just enjoying the feel of each other. It was really nice and I welcomed the feel of his body, and especially his furry chest. That was until the water turned cold. Both of us yelped, jumping back from the ice-cold water, laughing.

We dried off and went back to the house to fix some lunch, neither of us stopping to get dressed—why bother?

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Chapter 7

CARL AND I were about to sit down to lunch when we heard the truck pull up. Carl went to the front window to make sure that it was Matt before he opened the door, since we both were stark naked.

“Well ain’t this just the best how-do-you-do! My two favorite guys, all squeaky clean and naked, just waiting for me. Who could ask for more?” Matt beamed as he bounded up the steps.

“Easy there stud, we’ve got work to do. First, though, we’ve got lunch ready.” Carl held up a hand like a traffic cop.

“That’s fine, too, I’m starving,” Matt replied.

“When are you *not* starving?” Carl muttered.

“When we’re having sex?” Matt said, all enthused, smiling widely.

Both Carl and I laughed at Matt. Sitting down, we all ate a good lunch, with Matt, of course, devouring anything that wasn’t nailed down. I still couldn’t believe how much this guy could eat. I bet he’d be able to whip anyone in any kind of eating contest.

Once lunch was done, Carl and I went back to the carport to put our clothes back on, minus the shirts, then to the truck to see what all Matt had gotten.

“I got you a present,” he said to me, holding out a couple of bags.

“What do you mean, a present? I don’t need anything, Matt. Why’d you go and do that?” I almost whined.

“It isn’t anything much, and you’re gonna need everything I got ya.” He smiled.

I opened one of the bags and pulled out a pair of work gloves. They were just like Matt’s, except smaller so they’d fit my hands. I thanked him profusely. They would really come in handy. In the other bag were a couple of pairs of jeans and T-shirts, a packet of new socks and a jock strap. Looking up at him holding the jock strap, I saw his evil grin.

“I just liked the thought of you wearing that during the day, getting it all nice and sweaty for me to sniff later.” He leered, then swooped down and planted a big sloppy wet kiss on me.

Carl started laughing, and Matt joined in. I knew that my face had probably scrunched up when I saw the thing. The horrid memories of high school returned where we had to do ‘a jock check’ by the Phys. Ed. coach. I couldn’t help but join in as well after the initial shock. I immediately stripped of my shoes and jeans, putting the jock on. Standing there, I modeled the new jock for Carl and Matt. I think Matt started drooling.

“Put your clothes back on there, boy, before I have to put a leash on Matt here to keep him offa ya!” Carl said, chuckling. “We still got a lot of work to get done before we run out of sun.”

Again, Matt swooped down on me, this time picking me up around the waist, pulling me up level with his chest. “Look, dad, can we keep him? Huh, huh, huh? Please? I promise to remember to feed and water him, can I? Huh? Huh?”

“Put me down you moron! Damn.” I couldn’t help but feel wanted as both Carl and Matt busted out laughing. Matt, still holding me, started spinning around with my legs flying out behind me.

“If I puke down your chest, don’t you say anything,” I warned him.

“Come on now, enough play time. We need to try and get as much of that roof on the barn as we can today. Everything else can pretty much wait, but I don’t want all that hay in there to get any wetter than it already has,” Carl said, getting into the truck.

“We need to do something about that chicken coop too,” Matt added seriously.

“Yeah, we’ll figure something out about them chickens. Might just put ‘em up in the barn tonight,” Carl readily agreed, slamming the door shut.

I put my jeans and shoes back on before Matt and I climbed into the truck, and off we went. As hard as the work was, I was enjoying the hell out of myself. I couldn’t remember the last time I had so much fun and felt so wanted.

It was a major ordeal getting the metal roof replaced on the barn, and the sun was getting close to setting when Carl and Matt got the last piece put on. When they came down, I could see that they were completely worn out. I hadn’t been all that much help, nor did I feel I contributed to the

same degree as they did. Only thing I did was to hand them tools or the screws when they ran out. It was all I could do to lift the panels of metal up to them. My arms ached from the exertion.

The three of us were less than enthused to go chasing after chickens. We managed to get all the ones we could find locked up in a stall of the barn, keeping them safe for the night. Matt said there were only three missing. He figured they would either show up the next morning for breakfast or be some critter's feast that night.

I decided that I would cook them dinner so they could get a little rest. I'm pretty damn good in the kitchen, even if I do say so myself. Climbing into the cab of the truck, we all smelled to high heaven. I took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

"You perv. I know what you're doing." Matt poked me in the ribs, grinning.

"Hey *you're* the one who wanted to smell my sweaty jock, so don't go hating on me now!" I spat back.

Carl laughed at us cutting up with each other. "All I want is a shower and a cold beer."

"Umm… Carl?" I asked, hoping I wasn't blushing too much.

"Yeah, Carter?" He looked at me as he was maneuvering around the busted up chicken coop.

"Can I lick your balls before you shower?" I couldn't believe I was even asking the man that—a man that I had only known for little more than a day.

He chuckled at me. "Yeah, you are a total perv. Yeah, sure, you can if you want."

"What about mine?" Matt squawked.

"Yeah, I guess I can do yours too," I said, like it was a chore or something, which of course it wasn't.

"Damn. Now I know how it would have been like to have two teenagers in the house at the same time. Kinda glad that didn't happen now." Carl was chortling at me and Matt again.

“Guys, if you don’t mind I’d also kinda like to cook you dinner tonight, if that’s all right with you?” I asked, being serious.

“Hell ya! That works for me,” Matt yelled. “Do I get to kiss or molest the cook?” He arched his eyebrows in his Groucho Marx imitation.

Carl and I both busted out laughing at him. It was going to be a fun night, I could tell. Even though we were all tired, it was good to be around these light-hearted men.

*****

After dinner, which was fabulous, I must admit, we all sat in the living room talking about the storm, the damage, and how much we had accomplished today. We also discussed about how much still needed to be done. I was getting used to being naked most of the time, and even though was I still turned on by Carl and Matt’s bodies, I was able to think about other things instead of jumping their bones. The problem there was that I still would have, given half the chance.

I’d left my satchel under the coffee table so it would be handy. We had already discussed continuing the interview as we had time, and each evening seemed like the perfect opportunity. Tonight I was going to interview Matt by himself. Carl said that he had some paperwork to get done and that he’d be in the office.

I pulled out my notepad and the digital recorder and turned it on.

Carter Roberts: “Interview with Matt, one on one.”

“Matt, I spoke to your father about the first time you got together sexually. Now I’d like to get your take on it.”

Matt Evans: [Note: Matt changed his last name shortly before he graduated college.]

“I was about to start my third year at Nebraska (University of Nebraska) and had already moved back into the jock dorm. I’d spent the summer at home, of course, helping dad on the farm. The first year at school, I had been able to get a fake I.D., so I was getting into the bars.”

Carter Roberts: “Did you know you were gay at the time?”

Matt Evans: “I knew that I was attracted to men by the time I was eight. I guess I was an early bloomer.”

Carter Roberts: “Were you out at school?”

Matt Evans: “Oh, hell no. I was a football jock. I’d never have been accepted. Actually, I’ve never really come out to anyone except to dad, and as you probably know, already having talked to him, even that happened by accident.”

Carter Roberts: “Why don’t you tell me your version of what happened that night?”

[Matt told me the story from what happened at the bar where they’d first had oral sex, almost verbatim of what his father had told me. The only variation started from when they got to the hotel room. The interview continues from that point.]

Matt Evans: "When we got to Dad’s motel room, I was so nervous that I thought I would throw up. Not only did Dad find out I was gay, but I had also sucked his cock and swallowed his load, and he mine. The real underlying issue was going to be, did I tell him that I didn’t regret it, and should I tell him that I was also in love with him, or not.”

“See, I knew I had the hots for him when I was about twelve, and by the time I was fifteen, I knew that I had deep feelings for him— feelings that went much further than just love for him as a father. I mean, yeah, he was my father, but he was also the focus of every jack-off fantasy that I had. I wanted to be with him every minute of every day. I did things that I knew would make him happy or comfortable. It was like I had to do everything I could to make his life the best it could be. He was my life, still is. If I was away from him, it was like a piece of me was missing. It was very hard.”

“Anyway, when he started going on about how wrong it was and how sorry he was, it liked to have killed me. I don’t know why I did it, I guess I wasn’t really thinking, but I told him that I wasn’t sorry at all and how I thought that it being wrong was a load of crap. He freaked. I was devastated. I’ll never forget how I felt, like my heart had just been ripped out.”

“I remember he told me I was going to stay there that night, like I had any choice since my Jeep was still at the bar. He went to take a shower, leaving me in bed. I lay there pretending to sleep when he came out.

Eventually, I fell asleep, but I didn’t sleep for very long. When I woke up Dad was spooned up against me. I was only wearing a jock strap and I could feel his semi-hard dick against my ass through his shorts. I twisted around and gripped his dick, which got fully hard really quick.”

“Here I was in bed with the man I was in love with, who just happened to be my dad. The man I had blown the night before and loved it. Here was another golden opportunity and I didn’t know if it would ever happen again so I took it. I scooted down, pulled his cock out of his shorts' leg and started blowing him. Now, I wasn’t a virgin. If anything , I was pretty much a slut the first year of college, mostly trying to get *him* out of my system, out of my mind, but nothing worked. As you may have noticed, Dad isn’t exactly small when it comes to the dick department. At that moment, I was glad I’d had plenty of practice at sucking cock. I was able to deep throat him because of that experience, and I did just that.”

“Sometime during me blowing him, he woke up and tried to push me away, but I wasn’t going to be denied. It didn’t take much longer for him to pop a load. I remember I wanted time to stop right then, wanted that moment to last forever. I wanted to be able to taste him and I never wanted to forget that one moment in time.”

“When I was done, I crawled back up the bed and started kissing him. Again, he tried to push me off, but I wasn’t having any of it. I wanted him, all of him, right then. When I *did* pull back from him, he started in again on how wrong it was. Honestly, I felt like my life was over. That’s when I lost it and started crying like a baby. Last thing I remember was him holding me as I fell asleep, hoping like hell that it wasn’t the last time I would feel his arms around me, but knowing full well it might be.”

[Matt was so emotional, with tears running down his cheeks. I felt that this was a good time to stop for the night.]

Carter Roberts: “I think this is a good place to stop, Matt. Thank you for sharing that with me. I know it was difficult.”

Matt Evans: “I want you, and I guess anyone else, to know that he, Dad, never initiated anything between us. I was the one who pushed him into it. The last thing I want anyone to think is that he was a child molester or anything. Nothing could be further from the truth, and I was twenty at the time.”

Carter Roberts: “I’ll make sure that is clearly stated, Matt.”

Matt got up to get a glass of water. While he was gone, I went into the office to see Carl. He looked up as I came in the room and smiled at me.

“How’d it go?” He asked tentatively.

I walked over to him, leaned over and kissed his scruffy cheek. “I want you to know what a wonderful man *and* father I think you are.”

I think that caught him totally off guard. He blushed profusely, something I’d never seen. He just nodded at me and turned around to turn off his computer. I left the room to go back to Matt.

By the time I got back to the living room Matt appeared to have pulled himself together. I sat next to him, our thighs and shoulders touching. He sighed and wrapped an arm around me, and that is how Carl found us when he walked into the room. He sat down on the other side of Matt and they looked at each other. Matt leaned over and kissed his dad tenderly.

“I love you, ya know?” Matt said, his voice husky with emotion.

“I love you, too, if not more,” Carl answered back.

Smiling, Matt said, “No, I love *you* more.”

“No, I love *you more*!” Carl said, menacingly.

“Oh hell, now you guys aren’t going to get into a pissing contest over who loves who more, are you? Sheesh!” I declared.

They both laughed and kissed again, then Matt leaned over and kissed me too.

We chatted for a bit and it wasn’t long before we were all yawning our heads off and Carl actually started to drift off to sleep sitting up. Matt nudged Carl, waking him. Matt and I stood and each of us offered a hand to Carl pulling him up. We all padded down the hall towards the bedrooms.

Coming to the door of the guest room that Matt had shown me, where he had put my suitcase, I stopped, not really knowing what to do. I wanted to sleep with them, but I wasn’t going to assume that they wanted me in their bed. Matt bumped into me from the back as I stood there, motionless.

“Umm, I guess…” I kind of mumbled.

“Guess what?” Matt asked questioningly. “Oh, you think you’re sleeping in *there*?” He acted surprised.

Carl stopped and turned around, looking at Matt and me. He took a step, bent down and picked me up, throwing me over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry. I squealed, not expecting to be tossed over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Carl turned back around and continued walking into his and Matt’s bedroom, where he then proceeded to throw me down into the middle of the king sized bed.

“Carter, you are no longer a guest and this is where you sleep, unless you don’t want to,” Carl stated flatly. The look on his face was asking and also daring me to object.

The tightness I had felt grip my stomach in the hall disappeared and I grinned up at both giants. “This is exactly where I want to be. I just umm… didn’t want to assume… or think… ya know…”

Matt and Carl looked at each other and they each sat on either side of me. “Look, Carter, Matt and I talked for a bit while you were fixin’ dinner and we know that we’ve basically just met, but each of us have grown very fond of you in a short amount of time. Neither of us thinks of you as a guest but a part of the family.” Carl laid his hand on my knee as he spoke. “Everythin’ just kinda clicked. Don’t wanna go pushin’ ya into anything you don’t wanna do but…”

Matt picked up where Carl left off. “Yeah, Carter, we’re fairly good judges of character. I really do think of you as the little brother I never had,” Matt said with a goofy grin, throwing his arm around my shoulders.

“Matt has a point there. I would have been proud to have had you as a son and hope that you’ll think of us as family, too.” The look on Carl’s face was so sincere and full of what I interpreted as love that it made my insides turn to mush.

Without warning, tears started streaming down my face. I couldn’t help it. These gentle giants had touched a part of me that I had pushed down deep inside for so long that I had thought it was gone, if I ever knew it was there at all. This was what I’d been feeling, this feeling of *belonging* to a real family, a family I’d never had. Was this what home was supposed to feel like?

I wiped my face with the back of my hand. “My dad turned his back on me when I told him I was gay. We were never close when I was growing up. I’ve not seen or spoken to my father since I left for college.”

Out of nowhere, the hurt came boiling up and out of me. “I don’t know where this is coming from… why I’m even telling you this.” I choked back a sob. “I don’t feel like I ever had a real family. My mother left me at a shopping mall when I was thirteen and I’ve never seen or heard from her since.”

“We can be your family now, if you’ll have us.” Matt hugged me to him.

“I can’t believe anyone wouldn’t want you as a son, brother, lover, or partner, Carter.” Carl joined in hugging me from the other side. “Anyone who doesn’t or didn’t love you needs to have their head examined. You have a lot of love to offer. I can see that clear as day.”

The dam completely broke as I started sobbing, being held by Matt and Carl. All the emotions I had suppressed since I was thirteen came flooding out. All the hurt and shame that I had felt was rushing up. My guts wrenched, pushing it out of me. There was no controlling it at that point.

Carl stood up and pulled back the bedding. Matt picked me up and moved me to the center of the bed. With one man on each side of me, they held me while I purged all the bottled up emotions that continued to pour out. I had no sense of time, had no clue as to how long it went on, but Carl and Matt never left me. They only continued to hold me, stroke my head or shoulders, giving me something that I had been missing my entire life—love.

When I was able to pull myself together, I had the hiccups. Matt and Carl were laughing at me as I lay between them hiccupping, until finally Matt went and got me a *7up* to help get rid of them. Drinking part of the soda, the hiccups slowed and then eventually stopped. Still wedged between the two, I said, “I feel like such a silly, stupid, emotional fag.”

“Carter, that is one thing you’re not. If you want to know the truth, I personally feel honored that you could share such deep feelin’s with us. Contrary to societal beliefs, it takes a real man to deal with his emotions and feelings, like you just have, and I’m glad that I… no, *we* were able to

be here for you.” Carl held my chin so that I was looking directly into his eyes as he said this.

The sincerity there overwhelmed me, almost to the point of starting me off bawling again, but I was able to keep myself pulled together, only allowing a few tears to escape. He leaned over and softly kissed me on the lips after wiping my tears away. Then Matt turned my head with his forefinger and did the same thing.

“Now…” Matt stood up, pulling me with him, “It’s time to brush our teeth and get ready for bed. Come on, short shit.”

“Don’t call me that. I’m the one of average height, not you, you Neanderthal,” I quipped, smiling, feeling more like myself.

That got a chuckle out of both of them. That alone broke the morose mood, making me feel a lot better. We all brushed our teeth. Matt and I shared the toilet, having a mini-piss fight. Carl cuffed our heads and told us to quit being so juvenile and ordered us to get in bed.

Once again, I was put in the middle. I cuddled up to Carl’s manly chest while Matt spooned up behind me. Their smell was so strong, so masculine, that I felt a slight tingling in my groin. Cocooned as I was between them, I was comforted by their support, so secure and safe. It was a feeling that I wanted to remember forever, a *feeling* that I’d never had before.

Not only was I physically tired, I was emotionally exhausted. I drifted off to sleep and slept better than I can remember ever sleeping. I felt as if I was home… I had a home… for the first time.

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Chapter 8

I WOKE UP with my ass being stretched as a big dick invaded it. A moan escaped my lips and I pushed back against the invader. Opening my eyes, I saw Carl's face inches from mine, sleeping peacefully. I let them close again as I made a conscious effort to be as quiet as I could, which was no small feat with Matt's big cock pushing into me.

He took his time but eventually he was fully seated in my ass, his hairy crotch pushed tightly against me. Matt's arm was wrapped securely around me, a finger lightly circling my left nipple as he let me adjust to him being deep inside me. Then he pulled back slightly, again pausing before pushing back into me. Matt kept this up, making love to me slowly. Agonizingly slow.

I started breathing heavily, enjoying every sensation. Again, I opened my eyes but this time Carl's were open as well, watching me with a slight smile on his face. He hadn't moved except for opening his eyes. Smiling back, I whispered, "Good morning."

Carl moved towards me, eliminating the few inches between us to kiss me. "Good mornin', yourself. Do you know how beautiful you are?"

I know I blushed because of the heat I felt rise from my chest, burning my face. Again, he kissed me. He started slow and soft and I moaned again. Matt had started to thrust into me with a little more force and going a bit faster, building, until he was really giving it to me. I was pushing back, meeting him stroke for stroke, moaning into Carl's mouth as Matt was ravaging my ass.

With an especially forceful push, I heard Matt groan deep from within his chest, sending shivers down my spine. His dick swelled a bit more and I felt him unload into the condom. Matt pumped a few more times until he was spent. We all lay there quietly. Carl was still kissing me easily before pulling back to look into my eyes. I smiled at him. He returned that smile, and this time, I knew what I saw there was love.

Matt's deflating dick finally fell free of me. Slowly, I turned over to face Matt. "Thank you," I whispered and then kissed him lightly.

Reaching behind me, I felt for and found Carl's hardness, knowing it would be there, and guided him to me, pushing back until he was poised at

my already stretched hole.

“Whoa. Let me get a rubber,” Carl said softly, reaching behind himself, trying to open the drawer of the nightstand.

I pulled at his arm. “Carl, I’ve never… um… well, I’ve never gone bare before.” He froze, his eyes finding mine, a look of surprise on his face. “If you promise me that you guys are… clean, I think I’d like to find out what it’s like.”

Carl looked at Matt, then they both looked at me.

“Dad and I are both clean. Believe it or not, you’re only the second guy that has ever shared our bed and even then we were always safe.”

I looked over my shoulder to Carl. “Is it okay?”

Carl again looked at his son, waiting for his approval. Matt smiled softly and nodded.

“It would be my honor.” He kissed me gently, then pulled back, allowing Matt to also kiss me.

He then reached around me, holding me close to his body, and entered me easily, taking his time. He was able to slide all the way in with no resistance until he bottomed out and stopped. He started to lick and nibble at my neck while Matt continued to kiss my lips, biting down gently on my lower lip like he was sampling a delicacy.

Carl moved up my neck, getting to my ear where he sucked and nibbled on the earlobe. Releasing my ear, he whispered, “We love you, Carter.”

Just as Matt had done earlier, he slowly started to move in and out of me, making love to me. I was in sensory overload with Carl’s big dick sliding in and then slowly out as he continued to suck and bite my neck. All the while Matt was kissing me deeper and deeper, matching the intensity of Carl’s lovemaking of my well-fucked ass. I had never felt so sexually charged. Matt reached down, grasped my leg beneath my knee and lifted it so Carl could get further inside me.

Before long, Carl was long-dicking me, plowing my ass good, and making me moan like a total slut, which I guess I was. At least I was for these two handsome men. It wasn’t long before he bellowed, which I was starting to get used to. He plunged deep into me, unloading his man juice

deep inside me. For the first time, I felt another man's cum inside me. I randomly thought, *it's hot*. He thrust into me a few more times before he relaxed his body behind mine.

Matt was stroking my face, giving me little kisses on my eyes, nose, cheeks, and chin. His smile matched his dad's and again I saw the love there that I had seen coming from the face that looked so much like his. "We love you, Carter," he said, matching word for word what Carl had said only minutes before.

Carl leaned over me and kissed Matt. "Morning, son."

Matt responded, "Morning, dad," and kissed him back.

Carl moved over me, pushing me onto my back. He crawled down my body, tossing the rest of the bed covers completely off us. He grabbed each of my ankles, one in each of his large hands, and lifted my legs up until I was practically standing on my head. Spreading my legs wide, he proceeded to rim my well used hole. I was still stretched enough to where he could easily push his tongue in, lapping up the seed that he had deposited there. When he wasn't satisfied with just licking, he plastered his mouth against my hole and started to suck as much out as he could, driving me crazy. His scruffy chin pushed all my buttons. My opening was so sensitive from the abuse it had endured that each movement, each sensation was magnified. Looking up, I saw the glint in Carl's eyes and my poor dick throbbed, gushing pre-cum.

Matt of course noticed, and dove down and took the head of my almost sore cock in his mouth, sucking the clear sticky fluid. Then he went down on me to the root, making me cry out. He started blowing me while playing with my very tight balls. It didn't take long before I was unleashing a torrent of cum into his mouth. My whole body went rigid, my toes pointing to the ceiling, my head thrown back, and both hands full of the sheet that was on the bed.

Looking up after my poor body unclenched, I saw both Matt and Carl looking down on me. Then they looked at each other and started kissing, tongues fighting each other as I saw cum being swapped back and forth between them. I couldn't be sure if Carl was giving a mouthful of what he had slurped out of my ass or if Matt was giving him a sample of

what he had just sucked out of my balls. Either way, it was hot as hell, and to my amazement, I boned up again.

Matt had a little dribble of cum that had run down his chin. Reaching up, I pulled his face down and licked it up, feeling the stubble there. There was something very sexy to me in doing that.

Carl looked down and saw my already hard again dick. “Damn, you little horn dog, do you ever get enough?” He chuckled.

“And you thought I had an out of control libido?” Matt commented.

“Down boy, you’ll have to wait!” Carl smacked my dick none too lightly.

“Ow!” I jumped.

Letting my legs down at last, Carl got out of bed. “I need some coffee and something to eat. The two of you have zapped me. I need food.”

“Amen to that!” Matt exclaimed, like he needed an excuse to eat.

I followed the two men down the hallway, watching their asses as they walked. It was one of the more distinguishing characteristics of the two of them. Matt’s ass was a little smaller and rode a little higher, while Carl’s ass was nice and meaty, covered with downy brown fur. I’ve never had a great desire for rimming before. I mean, I didn’t mind it, but it wasn’t something that I really wanted to do for the most part. Now I really wanted to dive right into each of their manly asses. Funny how after meeting these two hunks, I was discovering things about myself that I’d never known before, like wanting to lick their sweaty balls and now eating out their adorable butts. Smiling to myself, I wondered what other things I was going to find to enjoy.

Getting to the kitchen, Carl made coffee while Matt and I made a hearty breakfast. Normally I wasn’t a big breakfast person, but I was noticing that I was hungry in the mornings, which was new. *I guess that’s something else that was new for me to discover about myself. Of course, it couldn’t have anything to do with the unreal sex I’d had the past two mornings or all the physical labor I’d been doing*, I thought to myself.

The next few days went by quickly with me easily falling into their routine. It didn’t seem to take all that long to get most everything cleaned up from the storm. Carl had been right; the hardest thing was building a

new chicken coop and getting the chickens transferred. We were able to find two more of the chickens after the storm, but one never was found. Matt figured a critter of some sort had themselves a hearty chicken dinner.

The highlight for me was, after work each day, they both gave into my newfound fetish of bathing their sweaty, smelly crotches with my mouth before they showered. Every time I thought about it during the day, it would give me a huge hard on. Afterwards, it would leave each of us with very hard erections, but we never gave in to the temptation to come, saving it for later on.

One afternoon, it had been especially hot and we were all a sweaty mess. Carl leaned over the truck as he kicked off his jeans. They were still damp from perspiration, clinging to his body. With his sweaty, meaty ass prominently displayed, I couldn't help myself. I dropped to my knees, spread his cheeks, and went to town, catching him completely off guard, I'm sure, but he didn't resist. In fact, he leaned over the truck further and spread his legs. Matt was standing there watching me eat his dad's ass out with gusto. I sucked, licked, and pushed my face so far into his butt that I'm surprised that I didn't just crawl inside him.

The taste and smell of him was everything that I thought it would be and more. Whenever I would pull back, I would see the wet hair of his ass and it would only add to what I can only describe as a feeding frenzy. I don't know where this was coming from. It was the first time I'd rimmed either of them, but what I did know was that this was one of the most exciting things I could remember ever doing. It was so exciting in fact that I started shooting my load between Carl's legs without touching myself. I literally started screaming into his ass while I was coming, burying my face between his butt cheeks as far as I could get. My tongue was so far up inside him that it started to be painful.

I fell with my face turned sideways resting against Carl's now very wet ass. My arms were wrapped around his thighs, my body trembling from the orgasm that I'd just had.

"Fuck, that was hot!" Matt said, standing there with a big hard on and lust written all over his face.

"Carter? Can you let me go now?" Carl said huskily.

Feeling stable enough, I let Carl go and he turned around. That was a mistake on his part as that put his crotch right in my face. The smell I had become addicted to, the smell I now associated with Carl, hit me in the face like a brick. Without thinking or hesitation, I went right for his sweaty fur-covered balls, giving them the tongue bath that was now part of the routine. Carl was already hard from the rimming I had just given him and his cock was oozing pre-cum. So much so that it started to drip, leaving a string from the tip of his dick down to my shoulder. It looked like a string from a spider web. Not letting it go to waste, I pulled his dick down to slurp up the cock honey, flicking the tip of my tongue in his piss slit.

Naturally, this led to me going down on him. I went about half way down and pulled back. It was so good that I had to do it again, this time opening up my throat, swallowing him to the very root. He must have been as turned on as I had been because he lost it and started blasting his hot cream down my throat. Wanting to savor and taste him, I pulled back, letting the rest of his load land on my tongue, holding it in my mouth. The echo of Carl's signature bellow resounding in my ears completed the scene.

"Fuck." Matt's voice came from beside my head.

Turning, I saw Matt's purple looking cock in front of me. Leaning forward to take it in my mouth, I smelled him, so much like his father's smell, but ever so slightly different. Pulling Matt's dick down, I drooled out some of his dad's cum onto his dick. Both Matt and Carl moaned at the sight. Before any could run off, I slurped Matt's dick into my mouth. Reaching for his balls, I started to deep throat him. Using my throat to massage the head of his uncut and sensitive cockhead, it wasn't long before he was giving me his hot cum. The taste of him was something that I had come to love, never getting enough.

With the taste of Matt's sperm still on my tongue, I started to bath his balls and the rest of his crotch like I had done in the previous days. My legs started to cramp so I used Matt's body to climb up. Once I was standing, I looked first at Matt and then Carl. The look on their faces was curiosity and disbelief.

"Where the hell did all that come from?" Carl asked.

"I'm sorry, Carl. I should have asked first. It was just something that I'd been wanting to do." I was a bit chagrined.

“You should have asked a lot sooner.” Carl came over and hugged me, then kissed me. “That was great. You have my permission to do that any ol’ time you want!” Leaning down again, he licked the corner of my mouth, and then grinned real big.

“That was so hot I thought I was going to shoot just watching you,” Matt commented.

Carl looked down and noticed that my dick was hard again. “Jeez, does your dick ever go down?”

“Not with the two of you around me, it doesn’t.” I laughed. “I gotta admit, I’ve never been so sexually charged up as when I’m with you guys. To be honest, before I met you two, I could have cared less about sex.”

Carl and Matt shook their heads as we all went to get showered off. While in the shower, we discussed what to have for dinner. It was a great end of the workday.

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Chapter 9

CARL AND I were cleaning up the kitchen while Matt had gone out into the garden to harvest the remaining strawberries. Matt and I had taken over the role as cooks, since Carl couldn't cook a thing without burning it unless it happened to be on a grill. Matt had told me that he had given up trying to teach him how. Matt learned some from his mother but most of his culinary skills he learned from his grandmother.

"Carl, think it would be all right if I continued the interview with you tonight? As much as I like working with you guys here on the farm, I am still expected to get this article done," I broached to him. I was almost feeling guilty for doing it now.

"Yeah. Sure thing, Carter. I understand you're here to do a job and so does Matt. Having gotten to know you, I feel a lot more comfortable doin' this. You know… before, I thought that they were gonna send someone out here to turn us into total freaks or somethin'. I don' think… no, I *know* that you wouldn't do that to us." Carl had stopped drying the pan he was holding to look right at me. There was complete trust in his eyes and on his face. A trust I knew that I would never betray.

"Carl, you're right. I would never do that to you and Matt, but I want you to know that I wouldn't have done that anyway. The problem for me now is to try and be objective about you guys." I walked over to him, put my hand behind his neck and pulled him to me for a quick kiss. "My objectivity, you might say, has been slightly compromised." I grinned up into his face.

Carl chuckled and blushed slightly. "Yeah, I guess you can say that." He returned my smile.

"I was thinking that perhaps you and I could pick up where we'd left off?" I queried.

"You mean just me again?" he asked, going back to drying the pan.

"Yeah, if you don't mind that is?" I took the pan he had just finished drying to put away.

"Sure. You said that you were gonna interview us together though," he said as he finished drying a pot.

“That’s the plan,” I answered him. “I just want to get a clear picture in my head from both of your points of view, individually first. Ya know, kinda get a history up to this point in your relationship.”

“That’s okay with me.” Carl handed me the pot he’d finished drying.

About that time, Matt came in the back door carrying a huge basket of strawberries. “There’s a boat load of salad greens and asparagus I’m going to get in. I’ll need to take it all up to Clancy’s Market tomorrow morning,” Matt commented before he went back out the door, not bothering to wait for a comment from either me or Carl.

“Guess that gives us a perfect excuse to do this.” Carl grinned at me. “Matt will be busy cleaning everything and getting it ready to go to market tomorrow.”

“Great. I’ll meet you out on the front porch. Let me get my stuff,” I said over my shoulder as I went to get my satchel.

When I returned, I saw Carl had gotten us each a couple of beers that were sitting on ice in a now familiar metal bucket. I sat down next to him, and he handed me one and smiled. I took the beer, we clinked the bottles together and each took a drink.

Pulling out my notes and digital recorder, I got set up.

Carter Roberts: “Carl, we left off when you and Matt had gone to IHOP for breakfast. Let’s pick things up from there.”

Carl Foltz: [Long pause before he started to speak.] “I think that both Matt and I had put what had happened the night before and that mornin’ in the back of our minds, for the most part, during breakfast. Things felt normal… you know, like nuttin’ had happened. It wasn’t until I was drivin’ Matt back to his Jeep that things got quiet. When we got back to the bar, we both sat there for a minute, neither of us knowin’ what to say, I guess. Finally, Matt said that he’d be home the next weekend and that we could talk then. What stands out most in my mind was him asking me to think about ‘Us’. I knew how he meant it. The way he said it and the way he looked at me left no doubt that he wanted me to think about ‘Us’ as a couple. I’ll never forget the knot that settled in my stomach.”

“That was the toughest and longest week of my life. I did a lot of thinkin’ during that time. A lot of soul searching. I won’t deny that I also did a lot of cryin’ that week as well. The conflict of what we had done, what I had done, was almost more than I could stand. At one point, the guilt I felt was suffocating me. I couldn’t breathe. Those were some of the longest days of my life, I have to admit. I hardly ate, and I drank more than I ever had, I think. That wasn’t exactly the smartest thing to do, but it at least dulled the pain I was feelin’, and trust me, I was in a lot of pain.”

“The hardest part during all that was how I remembered kissin’ Matt, or him kissin’ me. I remembered how much passion was in those kisses, the look in his eyes of him wanting me. My gut would seize up when I thought about it. First, coming from guilt and two, wanting to be able to erase the pain and want from his eyes by givin’ in to him. Yes, there was the underlyin’ want of him. I wanted my son sexually… again. That in itself was a revelation to me, one that made me sick to my stomach every time I thought about it.”

“On one hand, if I pushed him away, denied him— I know as sure as I am sitting here, talkin’ to you— it would break his heart. I don’t know of any parent that would knowin’ly do that. But on the other hand, if I gave into him, what would that do to our relationship, and how in the hell was I expected to deal with that?”

“When Friday rolled around and Matt got home, I was no closer to figurin’ out anything than I had been when I left him in the bar parking lot. When Matt came in the door, I froze. I literally froze, not knowin’ what to do, to say, or how to act. I remember saying to myself that if I moved a muscle I would throw up, I was so nervous. My biggest fear was that I was going to lose my son no matter what happened, and that scared me more than anythin’ I could imagine. Matt was my life. He was all I had. I loved that boy more than life itself.”

[Carl was weeping, tears rolling down his face. He never wiped them away. He paused for about five minutes.]

“Matt walked right up to me and said, ‘Hey, Carl’. That was when he stopped calling me Dad, for the most part. Then he hugged me and kissed me, and not like a son would kiss his father. I was shocked, still frozen, unable to move. He looked at me and kissed me again. Matt did that several times until I responded. I couldn’t stop myself. I gave in to his

kisses by kissin' him back. I couldn't stop. I had no control of anything right then, Matt did. I was weak."

"He took me by the hand and led me to my bedroom. There, he undressed me, kissin' me where my clothes had been. He was so gentle and lovin'. I didn't pull away. There have been many times since then that I wondered what would have happened… what would have been, had I found a way to stop him. You see… I couldn't stop 'im. I was numb."

"I know now without a doubt, that had I stopped Matt, pushed him away, denied him, I would have lost Matt in *every* way. I would have lost Matt as my son and now my lover, my partner. "

[Carl stopped again for a few minutes.]

"Now, I know that Matt and me will be together for as long as I'm walkin' this earth. He is a part of me in more than just the way a son is part of his father. He is a part of my very soul. Quite honestly, I don't know if I could even breathe if he wasn't here."

[Another long pause.]

"I never wanted any of this, ya know. But—Matt is that part of me that I'd been missin' my whole life. I just didn't know it."

"That Friday, Matt made love to me like no one had ever done before. Yes, it was sex, but it was much more than that. I think for the first time, I really knew what making love was all about. It went on for hours. The sun was settin' and the light was a comin' through the window, and it hit Matt, turning him to gold. It was at that moment, while I looked at my golden boy, that I had the greatest orgasm of my entire life. If there's one orgasm, that one time you came so hard that you will remember it the rest of your life? That was mine."

"Afterwards, we lay in bed together, touchin', kissin' each other. I remember lookin' into his eyes and seein' the love pourin' right on out of them, and that love was for me."

[Carl was choking trying to keep from sobbing. He lost that battle, put his face in his hands and sobbed for several long minutes.]

"I'm sorry, Carter. This is very hard for me."

Carter Roberts: "Take your time, Carl, there's no hurry."

[I turned off the recorder here for about thirty minutes. I also had to stop as I was crying too.]

Carl Foltz: "Anyway, we lay like that for quite some time. Then Matt's stomach growled and broke the mood, with both of us laughin'. You can't deny that boy food for too long, talk about someone gettin' right cranky."

"That weekend, we talked… a lot. We also cried. In between, we made love so many times that my balls started to ache. By the time he said goodbye Sunday night, I could hardly walk. I don't think we ever left the house that weekend. Back then, I had several farm hands that could handle most anythin' that needed takin' care of, so that wasn't an issue."

"That Sunday night, when Matt left, I had two very distinct feelin's going on at once. One was an emptiness of him leavin'. Of course, that happened to some degree every time he went back to school, but this time it was a different type of emptiness, one I still can't describe very well. It felt, and still does to this day, like I lose a part of myself whenever he leaves. The second thing was that I felt love for myself, my total self, for the first time in my life. I can't begin to tell you how liberating, how freein', that feeling was and is."

"You see… I'd always known I was gay, that I preferred men over women. Back then, it wasn't accepted, especially where I came from. Hicksville, Nebraska was not a place to be a homosexual back then. So there I was, being loved by a man for the first time in my life and I loved him back. When I understood I was in love, it was like I'd been hit by a bolt of lightning. The big issue was that I was in love with my own son and he loved me. In a way I loved him twice; once as a son and once like a lover."

Carter Rogers: "What about Matt's mother?"

Carl Foltz: [Heavy sigh and a few minutes passed.] "Diane. I loved Diane. I did. But I was never *in love* with her. I dated Diane all through high school. That was what was expected, so I did it. It was just the way it was. I never knew that there were places to go if you were gay. If anyone was even suspected of being gay around there, their life was pure hell, and they never stayed around long either. I knew that I couldn't and wouldn't deal with that, so I dated Diane."

“I know it wasn’t fair to her, and I’m sure it hurt her in ways that she never knew. That is a guilt I will never be able to come to grips with. I tried to make her happy, though, I really did.”

“Anyway, I was a football jock, just like Matt was, and at the same high school, matter of fact. It was the first game of my senior year and I was barely seventeen. After the game, which we won of course, a lot of the other guys from the team and their dates went out to eat at the local hamburger joint. After that, Diane wanted to go to this lake that was a known make out spot. Doing what I thought was expected of me, I went to go make out with my girl. Well, one thing led to another and being horned up seventeen year olds, we had sex.”

“Matt was conceived that night. Funny thing is… I was trying to figure out a way to dump Diane. I had been accepted to the University of Nebraska, and I wanted to have the freedom to do what I wanted without worrying about having a girlfriend back home. Six weeks later, Diane told me she was ‘late’. We waited and sure enough, after eight weeks, she was sure. I was devastated. I never got the chance to dump her and then she was pregnant and I knew that my dreams were gone.”

“I told my parents and I went with Diane to tell her parents, and then our parents met, and it was decided that I would marry Diane quickly and quietly. Two weeks later, Diane and I were married. Diane left town to ‘visit’ her great aunt and I stayed in high school. Everything was kept hush-hush to protect Diane's and her family’s reputations.”

“My mother was heartbroken and my father was furious. My life was hell for the next few months. That lasted until each of them held Matt for the first time. After that, I somehow was miraculously forgiven. I can’t say I blame them though. The first time I held Matt, I got so emotional I almost dropped him.”

“My mother was adamant that I still go to college, so Diane and Matt moved in with my parents and I went, coming home every weekend. It was hard, but with my parents help, we made it okay. My father made sure to work my ass hard every weekend I was home though. I think he was trying to make sure that I was too tired to make any more babies.” [Carl smiled.]

Carter Roberts: “While you were in college did you ever do anything to confront your being gay?”

Carl Foltz: “I had my first gay sexual experience my freshman year. Damn, I felt guilty cheating on Diane, but it only confirmed what I already knew, that I wanted to be sexual with men, not women. Hell, I didn’t even want it to happen, it just… did.”

Carter Roberts: “How did that make you feel?”

Carl Foltz: “Like a total heel. I had a wife and a baby at home, and I was expected to go home every weekend and play the doting father and husband. Problem with that was I wasn’t sexually attracted to Diane. I did my husbandly duty, but not as often as Diane would have wanted or expected I’m sure. I did try to do right by her, I really did, but my heart wasn’t in it and I think she started to realize that.”

Carter Roberts: “But you did graduate college, right?”

Carl Foltz: “Oh yeah, I graduated. I majored in Agriculture, like Matt did, but mine was a general degree, but I minored in Finance.”

Carter Roberts: “And after you graduated?”

Carl Foltz: “I came home to play the husband and father role. I didn’t know what else to do. Hell, Diane and Matt were still living with my parents. It wasn’t like I was going to, or be able to, kick them out. Matter of fact, we continued to live with my parents after I graduated and moved home. My mother was so attached to Matt that I think it would have killed her had we moved out.”

“I was trapped and I knew it. However, I did my duty and resigned myself that it was going to be the way my life was. My joy was in Matt. Things stayed that way until Matt’s mother died.”

Carter Roberts: “How did Diane die?”

“Carl Foltz: “Diane died from a brain aneurism. She had been out in the garden and fell over dead, or so the doctors said. My mother found her a few hours later. I had Matt with me and my dad, running the columbine. One of the farm hands that lived on the place came out and brought us back to the house. That is when I found out that Diane was dead.”

Carter Roberts: “That must have been hard on Matt. How old was he?”

Carl Foltz: “Matt was barely eight years old. It was hard on all of us, but Matt actually got over it before the rest of us, I think. I was heartbroken with guilt. It took me a long time to get over that. I just knew that I had cheated Diane out of a happy life and blamed myself, no matter how ridiculous it sounds, for her death. Matt actually took care of me for a good part of that time. He was still the only real joy in my life, even then.”

“Before I could fully get over Diane’s death, my father had a stroke and died. That was only six months after Diane died. I was very close to my father and it seemed that my world had come to an end. It’s a good thing that my mother was the strong woman she was. She was the one who finally pulled me through and made me see that I needed to get my shit together, to be a good father and take over the farm full time. Even though Matt was only eight years old, he was already way older than his years. We both did a lot of growing up that year.”

“I think my mother held that farm together more than I did for a long time. Matt was the one joy that made me *and* my mother happy. He was a happy kid, for the most part, and knew whenever either of us was down. He’s always had a smile that could make anyone do anything he wanted, the little booger. He still gets away with a lot because of that smile.”

“My mother died quietly in her sleep one night. Matt was seventeen, I think. That was really hard on him. The two of them were like two peas in a pod and were very close. Of course, I took it hard as well, but I’d matured enough by then to deal with it a little better. Besides, I had Matt who needed me this time. I’d relied on him enough as it was.”

Carter Roberts: “If I have my numbers right, Matt is only seventeen years younger than you?”

Carl Foltz: “That’s right. Matt’s birthday is one week before mine.”

Carter Roberts: “Was there anything significant that happened from the time your mother died until you and Matt got together at the bar that night?”

Carl Foltz: “No, not really. Matt finished high school that year and got a football scholarship to the University of Nebraska. The only other

major issue was that ConAgro, a major agricultural conglomerate, was trying to sue me into submission and take over the family farm. That was kind of a rough patch, but I was able to fend them off."

Carter Roberts: "How did you come to move from Nebraska to Indiana?"

Carl Foltz: "Right before Matt graduated, he and I decided that we needed to move and make a clean start where no one knew us. We have a few relatives back in Nebraska that were getting a little too nosy about me and Matt, I felt. We both knew that if anyone found out about our 'special relationship' it could mean real trouble for us."

"The plan was for Matt to change his last name to my mother's maiden name right before his graduation, and do it under the radar. ConAgro was rearing their ugly head again about then, so I had a meeting with them and got a pretty good deal for the farm. I actually was able to sell the house separately, but they had to move it. I guess I was a little sentimental about the old place and didn't want to see it torn down. It now sits a few miles away and is owned by a nice family. Whenever I go back, I drive by it."

Carter Roberts: "How did you come to settle here?"

Carl Foltz: "That was Matt's doing. He studied Animal Husbandry in college. He always had a thing for critters. I guess a lot of it comes from his big heartedness. Anyway, he had done a lot of research on this particular breed of cattle that comes from Italy. At the time, there were only two other breeders in North America, one in Colorado and one in Wyoming. Being the brain he is, he figured that this area was the perfect climate for this breed of cow, so he hunted for property in this area until he found this place. I was able to put a down payment on it and hold it until he graduated a few months later. As soon as he was done with school, we moved here. We both own it together outright, free and clear now."

Carter Roberts: "How did your relatives feel about your moving?"

Carl Foltz: "Matt took care of that for the most part. Everyone knew that ConAgro was on our asses for the property and that Matt wanted to work with cattle, so he made it look like perfect sense to move away. He made the whole thing seem as natural as the sun coming up. He can charm a snake outta its skin, I swear."

Carter Roberts: “Well Carl, I think that is all the questions that I have for you at this time. Thank you. Your story is really remarkable.”

Carl Foltz: “Thank you, Carter.”

[End of individual interview with Carl Foltz]

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Chapter 10

CARL AND I walked back into the house, both of us feeling a little drained. We saw Matt in the kitchen. He had ear buds in his ears and an IPod hanging from his neck on a chain. He was dancing to whatever he was listening to while he cleaned strawberries. He was swinging his hips and thrusting at rhythmic intervals, his big dick and balls swinging in opposition to his hip movements. All in all, it was quite comical. He turned around and saw us watching, Carl and me both with big grins on our faces as we looked on.

"Hey, guys, how'd it…" Matt had pulled the ear buds off. He stopped mid-sentence looking concerned when he saw his father's face, and then turning to me, he looked as if he could rip my head off.

"Hey, it's okay. I just got a little emotional is all," Carl said calmly. "It's all good."

I was a little surprised at Matt's reaction. I didn't expect Matt to turn on me like that. What it did give me was a new perspective to Carl and Matt's relationship. I knew at that point, Matt would do anything to protect his father, and for some odd reason, that made it okay in my mind's eye. It dawned on me that I would more than likely feel the same way if anyone threatened or hurt either of them. That was surprising.

How in the hell did I become so attached to these two men in such a short length of time? I asked myself. *Something I'm going to really have to think about… later.*

"Are you sure you're okay?" Matt asked, taking his father's face in his hands and looking deeply into his eyes.

"Yes, I'm fine. It was hard talking about Diane and Grandma is all," Carl reassured Matt.

"Oh, yeah, I can see that," Matt agreed. "I'm sorry, Carter. I should have known better to think that you'd do anything to Carl."

"Not only do I accept your apology, I understand what it was you were feeling. I gotta tell you, I had the thought just then that if anyone were to try and hurt either of you, I'd feel the same way. I'd probably have the same look you just did Matt, and that bothers me. It bothers me a great deal. I don't know that I should be the one to write this article on you guys. I

think I’m too close to you now.” I felt confused and conflicted about this project suddenly.

“No. Carter, you have to be the one to write it. I really want it to be told.” Matt came over to me, put both hands on my shoulders, and stooped down to be eye to eye with me. “By you knowing us so well, now you’ll be able to tell everyone how much we love each other, and it is just love. It doesn’t matter who loves you as long as it is honest and true love.” I could tell from Matt’s expression that he was passionate about this. “I want our story told and I want you to be the one to tell it.”

“Okay, Matt, I’ll try. But if down the road, while I’m writing it, I feel that I’m not doing it justice, I may need to hand it off to someone else. I don’t want to mess it up for you guys.” I was very apprehensive that I would come off biased on this, and they deserved better.

“I know you can do it, Carter. You get us. You understand us now,” Matt pleaded.

“Carter, I think I have to say Matt’s right. Go back, write it and do your best. I just ask you one thing,” Carl said solemnly.

“Okay, what?” I asked.

“That before you decide to hand it off, let me and Matt read it. Do your best but let us see what you come up with before you make any decisions. Deal?” Carl probed.

“That seems fair. I can do that,” I relented.

“Damn, you two sure are buzz kills. I was having a great time until you sour pusses came in,” Matt said, all pouty, which made him adorable and irresistible. “How ’bout a little hot tub time? Get everyone relaxed,” Matt suggested like a happy kid.

“Now, that sounds like a brilliant idea. I know now why I keep you around,” Carl teased Matt as he pinched his ass. “I’ll get us a few more beers. Go take the top off, Matt, and Carter, go get us some towels.”

We all went in different directions to get what we needed, meeting back at the hot tub. With all of us in the hot bubbling water, each of us with a cold beer, we were able to relax a bit.

“Guys, I need to tell you something. After that, I promise I won’t be serious any more tonight,” I declared.

Carl didn’t say anything, just looked at me waiting, while Matt moaned, rolling his eyes.

“I really didn’t want to come here. I think I may have said that. What I didn’t tell you is that I felt repulsed by the whole thing, you know, the father son thing. I was so wrong. I want to… no, I *need* to apologize. I was being judgmental. I think maybe I was also pulling in my own emotional baggage.” I took a deep breath and continued. “Now that I have gotten to know you, I would like you to understand I would do anything for you guys. I do love you like you were my own family.” I was tearing up, realizing that I was still not being completely honest with them, but I was scared.

What I was frightened to admit to them, and to myself, was that I had fallen in love with both of them. Now wasn’t that a kick in the ass? In love with two men at the same time, who also were father and son, who happen to be in a relationship together. This was so crazy, no one could have made this shit up.

Matt and Carl looked at each other. As if reading each other’s minds, simultaneously they reached for me and bodily pulled me into their laps, laying me out across them. My head was leaning on Carl’s shoulder, where he placed it, while Matt held me under my knees with one arm and stroked my chest under the water with the other. Carl was holding my hand and stroking my hair.

“Carter, you know I wasn’t sure about doing this interview. Hell, I didn’t even want to meet you. Now, with that said, I want you to know, and I mean this from my heart, you have made me feel more than comfortable about doin’ this whole magazine article,” Carl said, looking down into my face. “And there is somethin’ else I want to tell you: I think Matt feels the same way, even though we’ve not talked about it, but I know him. I think both of us have fallen in love with you. You have brought another dynamic into our lives, as well as a lot of joy. Now that’s something I wasn’t expectin’.”

“Carl’s right, Carter. I know that I’m going to really miss you when you have to leave.” Matt looked sad already. “I’ve really enjoyed having a little brother, who is also such a great fuck buddy.”

“I want you think of this as your home away from home, son. If someday you choose to make this your full time, permanent home, you can.” Carl glanced at Matt to see his reaction. Matt looked back and nodded.

Now I was crying. “Thanks, you guys. I love you, too. I was just too chicken-shit to say it. This feels like home. Can we talk about it later, though? I’m too emotional right now to think about it.” I’m glad it was dark out and we were in the water. Maybe they didn’t see me crying like a little girl… again.

“I agree, getting way too heavy out here,” Matt declared just before he dunked me completely under the water.

I came up sputtering. “You asshole.”

“Yup, that’s my boy.” Carl laughed.

Things were much lighter after that. We all finished our beer and bull-shitted some more before deciding to call it a night.

All three of us padded into the bathroom and brushed our teeth. Matt and I climbed into bed while Carl finished up in the bathroom. Carl walked in and got into bed, but got in next to Matt. That caught both Matt and I off guard.

“I want to tell you how much I love you and how much you mean to me. I don’t know that I tell you often enough, but just so you know,” Carl said huskily before kissing Matt.

“I know, Dad, you don’t have to say it out loud. You say it every day in what you do,” Matt whispered back.

Carl leaned over and kissed Matt gently, letting his tongue slip out and trace Matt’s lips. The kiss slowly built in intensity, becoming hotter and more passionate until it was sizzling hot. I could watch these men kiss and make out for the rest of my life and be perfectly happy. Not only was it one of the most erotic things I’d ever seen, but it was so full of love, it took my breath away. I lay on my side, my head propped on my elbow mere inches from them, totally okay with just watching.

Slowly, Carl moved over Matt, eventually straddling him, knees on either side of his hips, hands beside each shoulder. Matt wrapped his arms around his father’s massive shoulders as if holding on, keeping him in

place. Carl's hips started undulating ,creating friction in both of their groins. They kept this up for what seemed an agonizingly long time.

Carl broke the kiss, turned his head toward me and said, "Carter, rim my ass. Rim it good. Get me ready for Matt."

I guess my expression of surprise showed as Carl gave me a lust-filled smile. I didn't hesitate another moment. This man would never have to ask me twice to eat his beautiful ass.

I moved down, pushing Matt's legs part so that I could get in close and personal, to not only Carl's ass, but Matt's heavy balls too. With Matt's legs out of the way, Carl's ass spread further, giving me full access to his fuzzy framed hole. I stopped for a moment just to revel in the sight. It became apparent to me that I'd never seen Carl's sumptuous ass like this, and it was truly amazing. The golden brown fur that dusted each cheek grew denser as it feathered toward the cleft, and thickened even further still as it surrounded the pink rosebud in the center. The view was so stunning it made my mouth water. I let my eyes wander down to the magnificent sets of balls, one set resting just above the second set. Almost identical to each other with the exception that Carl's balls had a little more hair than Matt's did.

Stalking up between their legs, I put my hands on either side of Carl's ass cheeks. I licked from just beneath his balls all the way to the top where his ass met the small of his back. I did this several times, relishing the taste and texture of his delectable ass. The musky male scent of Carl hammered into the center of my brain, the part that was my sexual center, making my head spin.

I pulled back and lightly blew on the wetness I had made there, making Carl shudder from the feeling of cool air teasing him. I felt a rumbling start in the core of my being, pushing itself up and growing in intensity until it erupted out of me in the form of a primal growl. I attacked Carl's ass like an animal, no longer being able to hold myself back.

I didn't have a cognizant thought from that point on. The only thing that mattered right now was my desire, the need for me to taste as much of Carl as I could. I licked, suckled, and pushed my tongue in and around his hole like a maniac. I felt, as well as heard, Carl moan, coming from deep

inside him. He started to push back into me as I ravished him, trying to get more and more of him, and him of me.

I locked my lips around his delicate opening, pushing my tongue deeper and deeper into him, tasting the true essence of Carl. I was like a starving man unleashed at a buffet. The more I pushed into Carl, the more he pushed back, bucking his hips as I ate his ass.

Something cold and plastic was pushed towards my hand. Sitting up, I saw that Matt was handing me a bottle of lube. Opening it up, I took a small amount, rubbing it onto Carl's twitching hole. Adding a little more, I started to probe his opening with my middle finger. Not being satisfied with that, I leaned in, running the tip of my tongue around his hole as I pushed in further. I continued to explore Carl's depths until I was knuckle deep inside him.

Carl's insides were silky smooth and so hot. I rotated my hand slightly then crooked my finger searching for that spot that would further ignite him. I knew I'd found it when he growled and his ass quivered. I pulled back and pushed in again aiming directly for his hot spot as I continued to rim him around my finger.

Having done this a few times with Carl bucking, moaning, and pushing back, I felt it was time to step it up a notch. Adding more lube, I pushed in two digits. Carl took them easily enough, letting me know this was not his first time. He'd been to this rodeo before. With two fingers inside him, I really went to town massaging his special love button. Extracting my fingers from him, I added more lube and started to use three. Gently, I opened him up a little more. Using all three fingers, it was a little more difficult to gain entry, but his sphincter eventually relaxed enough so that they easily slid in, making Carl tense then relax with a guttural moan.

Carl became more and more forceful in humping my hand. Suddenly he said in the sexiest voice, "I'm ready, I need… it now."

He pushed up into a kneeling position. I pulled Matt's throbbing member from underneath Carl's heavy balls. Not being able to resist, I leaned over and sucked on Matt's hard as steel dick, making him cry out as he thrust into my mouth. Not wanting to keep Carl waiting, I sat back on my knees while I lubed up Matt's hard cock and lined it up with Carl's relaxed and ready hole. I rubbed the head back and forth, letting Carl feel

the large mushroom headed cock knocking at his back door. He instantly started to lower himself onto Matt.

I sank down onto my belly between their legs, getting a close-up view of Matt's dick entering Carl. With my own leaking cock making contact with the bed, I felt how hard I actually was. The sight of Carl slowly taking Matt's big dick into himself made me throb all the more.

Once Carl was completely seated on Matt, he stopped. Moving forward, I licked the base of Matt's cock where it met Carl's now stretched asshole. Both men moaned as I licked and sucked as much of the area as I could where the two men joined.

Slowly, Carl started to rock back and forth, then lifting and sitting back down, fucking himself on the hardness that was deep inside him. I could feel the energy coming from him as he started to lift higher and higher, dropping back down harder and harder. I still had my mouth licking the base of Matt's dick, just above the balls, watching as it appeared and then disappeared in Carl.

Moving lower, I took first one and then the other of Matt's heavy testicles into my mouth, eliciting a low moan from him. Opening wide, I took both in, licking all around them, massaging them with my cheeks. I was still able to watch as Carl slammed himself onto Matt. Matt started to thrust up to meet Carl, stretching his ball-sac since his nuts were securely trapped in my mouth.

The way Carl was panting and moaning, I knew that it wouldn't be long before he lost it and blew his load. I let Matt's balls slide from my mouth, licking up and down between the base of his cock to underneath his nuts. I had the perfect view.

Both of them were bucking and trying to get as much pleasure from each other as possible when I heard the beginnings of what was Carl's impending bellow, signaling his orgasm. Slamming himself down hard onto Matt's dick, the bellow erupted. Carl rocked back and forth pushing through the orgasm, while Matt's legs tensed before I heard him moan then thrust harder into Carl as he also reached the pinnacle, coming deep inside Carl. Each man bucked and thrust a few more times before their bodies started to relax from the intense orgasm each had had.

I went back to licking and sucking Matt's now softening dick and Carl's ravaged hole as they recovered, their breathing slowing to a more normal rhythm. Matt's dick started to slip from Carl where I sucked on it, getting any remnants of his cum. Pushing Carl over, I latched onto his hole with my mouth, sucking and slurping as much of Matt's load out of Carl as I could. Flicking my tongue around Carl's ultra-sensitive and slightly swollen pucker, I lost it. Once again, I was lost in Carl's meaty ass, pushing, trying to get as much as I could. I reached down to my own throbbing member, stroked a few times, and started blasting my own load, screaming into Carl's well used butt as I did so. I felt as if I would never stop coming, white hot flashes going off in my head.

Completely spent, I collapsed, my head resting with my nose plastered to Matt's balls. Carl rolled off Matt, looked down at me and laughed. Matt rose up to see what his dad was laughing at, took one look at me and joined him. Each man reached down and grasped me underneath my arms pulling me up between them, taking turns in kissing me.

Once I was able to breathe normally and was able to speak, I said, "Damn, but I could watch the two of you go at it forever."

Carl laughed and Matt had a quizzical look on his face. "It's like having my own private porn show," I explained. Matt just smiled.

No one said anything as we each relished the afterglow of another session of sensational sex. Each lost in our own thoughts. Matt had his arm stretched underneath my head and his hand playing with Carl's hair. I turned my head into his armpit, catching a whiff of his muskiness. The heady smell once again smacked me so hard I shivered. Turning a little more, I started giving his fragrant pit a tongue bath.

The densely hairy armpit was a new playground I'd yet to explore. I was instantly hard again. Reaching down, I started stroking myself.

"Damn, he's like that fuckin' pink bunny, ain't he?" Carl commented to Matt.

"Sure is." Matt chuckled and with his other hand pulled my head in tighter to his furry and now wet armpit.

Suddenly, I felt my hand pushed away from my dick, being replaced by hot wetness. Arching my back, I shoved my dick into what I now realized was Carl's mouth. Matt reached over and started tweaking my

nipples, and that was all it took. I emptied what was left in my balls into Carl's hot, milking mouth. I pressed my face as far as I could into Matt's now clean armpit as I screamed my release. I came so hard it almost hurt. I couldn't believe I was having another orgasm so quickly after the one I'd just had.

Carl crawled up my body, looking down on me, then turned and kissed Matt, swapping my cum back and forth between them until it was all gone. If I hadn't just come I probably would have gotten hard all over again. It was like anything these guys did turned me on.

"Fuck, that was hot. You guys better stop or I'll be ready to go again." I giggled.

"Oh, hell no!" Carl said adamantly.

With that he rolled over on the other side of me, trapping me in the middle again, like that was a bad thing. We all said good night and I fell into an almost comatose sleep.

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Chapter 11

I CAME AWAKE holding onto a warm body while pumping my dick into a warm wetness. I opened my eyes. The room was pitch black and the position I was in, there was no telling if it was Carl's or Matt's ass I was fucking. It didn't matter either. Whoever's ass it was felt great. Then I felt a cool wetness spread around my own hole, soon to be replaced by the head of a very erect dick. I stopped thrusting to give whoever was entering me a chance to get inside.

I moaned as I was filled, relishing the feeling of fullness as well as the feeling of a tight ass clenching my own hard dick. At the sensation of pubic hair brushing against my ass, I started humping myself in and out of the tight warmness that enveloped my cock, while at the same time impaling myself on the spike that was buried inside me.

"You like fucking my dad's ass, don't you?" It was Matt's husky voice that whispered in my ear. So it was Matt who was fucking me.

Matt's deep voice went all through me, making me tremble. What he said rippled through me. Amazingly enough, I no longer had an issue with Matt and Carl being father and son. Something to think about later…

I reached up and started twisting and tweaking one of Carl's nipples as I thrust in and out of him, which in turn pushed Matt deeper inside me. This was a new experience for me. Never before had I fucked and got fucked at the same time, and I sure hoped it wouldn't it be the last. Having Matt's big dick stroking against my prostate, while Carl's hot, tight ass wrapped around my cock, was an amazing feeling.

Without warning, Matt slammed his dick in my ass, grunted, moaned and then I felt him unloading inside of me. That was all it took to push me right over the edge. Grabbing Carl's hips, I pounded into him feeling my balls clench up almost painfully as I shot my load into him.

Not even giving me a chance to recover, Matt pulled me out of Carl's ass by rolling me onto my back. He then pushed Carl over on his stomach, pulled him up onto his knees then dived into his dad's ass, sucking out my load. Never one to miss an opportunity, I positioned myself underneath Carl to suck his pulsating dick. Between Matt eating his ass out, and my gobbling down his big dick, he was unable to hold back and gifted me with a nice, big load, bellowing out as orgasm overtook him.

Once we untangled ourselves, our breathing back to somewhat normal, we all looked at each other and laughed. It was a great start to another day on the farm.

“I gotta piss,” Carl announced.

“So do I,” Matt echoed, and they both got up, heading for the john.

Without thinking, I jumped up and ran to get in front of them, blocking the door. “Me first,” I said sarcastically, feeling frisky.

Matt looked at Carl, Carl looked back at Matt, and they both got huge grins on their faces. Carl picked me up under the arms and carried me to the shower. He plopped me down just as Matt turned on the shower. The water was ice cold.

“You bitches!” I screamed.

They stood there making sure I couldn’t jump out until the water warmed up. They then joined me.

“You can be real assholes sometimes, ya know that?” I whined. Before I could even finish Matt dumped a blob of shampoo on my head and started washing my hair. No sooner had he started than Carl picked up the soap and started washing me.

I quickly shut up and enjoyed the attention I was getting. They washed me from head to toe, massaging me as they went.

“I could really get used to this, guys.”

Matt and Carl only chuckled as they pushed me toward the back after having rinsed me down with the handheld shower attachment.

“Our turn,” Carl said as he started washing Matt’s chest.

Matt took the soap from Carl and did the same, starting with his chest. I stood there watching, amazed at how I was getting turned on again just watching them. The tenderness and their masculinity seemed to seep from their pores; it was like watching live art.

Carl turned to let Matt rinse his back and noticed my hard on. “Damn, boy, ain’t you ever satisfied?”

I looked down at my dick, which was pointing towards the ceiling. “Uhh…” I looked back up and saw each of them smiling, shaking their heads. “What can I say? You guys just turn me on.”

“Well, that’s a compliment I’ll take any ol’ day.” Carl smiled before leaning down to kiss me quickly.

I was somewhat embarrassed at being busted with yet another erection. I jumped out of the shower. “I’ll go start the coffee while you guys finish up.”

Before I could get a towel, Carl reached out and smacked my ass. Hard.

“Ouch. What was that for?”

“Just helping with that woody you got sportin’ there,” he said, laughing.

I quickly dried off and scurried off to the kitchen.

I went into the kitchen and started the coffee, followed a few minutes later by Matt and Carl. We all enjoyed the hot java while discussing what the agenda for the day was to be. We decided that Carl would run the fresh salad greens and some of the strawberries to the local market in town. That would give Matt and me time to continue the one-on-one interview session.

Carl got cleaned up, dressed, and ready to leave, while Matt and I made breakfast. After eating, Carl gave each of us a nice, long kiss goodbye then headed out. While cleaning up the kitchen, and before starting the interview session, I had something on my mind that I wanted to discuss with Matt.

“Matt… there’s something that I’ve wanted to talk to you about, and it’s a little hard for me,” I started.

“Since when is there something not hard with you?” Matt teased.

“I’m serious, Matt.” I tensed.

“Sorry, Carter. What’s on your mind?” Matt soothed as he saw I was not only serious but a little anxious.

“Well… I wanted to make sure that you were okay with… you know… what we’ve been doing… ya know?” I stumbled through what I was trying to say.

“You mean with Carl and me?” Matt asked, questioningly.

“Yeah… I mean, I don’t mean to intrude or step on anyone’s toes. Sometimes I feel like I’m pushing myself into yours and Carl’s personal life.”

There, it was out.

Matt looked surprised for a minute. He walked over to me and pulled me to him. “First off, neither Carl nor I are weaklings. If we didn’t want to be sharing our bed with you, we wouldn’t be. Second, I know without a doubt that I have Carl’s love, and I’m secure enough to know that nothing could come between us. Nothing. Third off, we have enough love between us to share and still have plenty left over. Carter, we care for you. Even though it has only been a relatively short period of time, we feel like we’ve known you for a lot longer— enough to trust you and fall in love with you— and I think that you share those feelings. Don’t you?”

Looking up into Matt’s incredible eyes, I said, “Yeah. I’m pretty sure I’m in love with both of you, although I don’t know how. I’ve never thought it was possible to love two men at the same time. It’s like somehow you’re two men but you’re not two men, if that makes any sense. I mean, yeah, you’re two guys, but somehow you’re one. I know that sounds kinda crazy.”

“No, not at all. Like I think I told you, I feel as if Carl is part of me. Like when he’s not with me, part of me is missing. I’m pretty sure that he feels the same way.” Matt had this faraway look as he answered me. He focused back on me. “Carter, you really are a part of our family now. I hope you can see it that way.”

“Thanks, Matt, I do feel that way. I just wanted to make sure that you were okay with it is all.” I was tearing up a bit as I looked up at him.

We stood there holding each other for quite a while. As we huddled together, my emotions settled down and I was more relaxed that I had been, feeling a lot more confident.

“Go get your stuff and let’s get this interview going. Carl won’t take too long in town.” Matt smiled down at me. “I’ll get us some fresh coffee and I’ll meet you out on the deck, how’s that?”

I nodded to him as I stepped away to go and get my satchel.

Matt and I settled down out on the deck with fresh cups of coffee, my notes out, and the digital recorder all set up. It was a beautiful early summer morning and we took a few moments to enjoy it. It was nice being outside with Matt, both of us naked as the day we were born. I looked over at Matt and he nodded to me, letting me know he was ready to start.

[Interview with Matt Evans part two]

Carter Roberts: "Matt, last time we left off with you and your father at IHOP, after spending the night together—the night after your first sexual experience together. Why don't we pick up there?"

Matt Evans: "Okay. Carl—I mean, Dad—dropped me off at the bar to pick up my Jeep. Things were a little uncomfortable between us, neither of us talking that much. I told Dad that I'd be home for the weekend."

"I knew he'd be going through all kinds of shit during that week, trying to wrap his head around us. I mean, he would have all kinds of trouble redefining us as a couple, and not just father and son. It was going to be a long week for both of us. Now, you have to remember, I'd also just found out he was gay."

"That week I did a lot of soul searching. The first thing I asked myself was: is this what I really want? Did I want a romantic and sexual relationship with my father? It didn't take me long to find the answer. Without a doubt, it was yes. I truly was in love with the man, who also happened to be my father. The next thing I asked myself: was I willing to fight to have that kind of relationship? Again, it didn't take me long to come to the decision that I did. Now I knew he was gay and there was a chance, I had hope."

"With those things out of the way, I had to figure out how to make that happen. I knew it was going to be up to me to make things move along, to make him okay with it. Dad was never going to come to me; I was going to have to go to him as a man, a man he could love, and not as just as a son. That was where he was hung up, so I would have to become something other than his son, at least for the time being."

“The other thing that I had to think about, whether I wanted to or not, was what would I do if he rejected me as a possible partner, a lover? That was the hardest thing for me. How would I feel if that happened? I knew it would about kill me to get this close to having him in the way that I wanted, only to lose him after having him sexually, after him knowing how I felt. The answer was I would have to leave. There was no way I could be around him, knowing I had come so close to being with him, only to be rejected by him… in *that* way. At least for a while, I wouldn’t be able to be around him, if ever. It would just be too hard. I tried to not think about it, but it was in the back of my mind.”

Carter Roberts: “If things had not worked out the way that they have, what was your plan? Did you have one?”

Matt Evans: “Yeah. My plan was to see if I could transfer schools, preferably out of state, change my name, and try to disappear.”

Cater Roberts: “That is pretty severe, don’t you think?”

Matt Evans: “I guess, but I didn’t see any other alternative. I knew that I couldn’t be around him, it would have been too hard.”

Carter Roberts: “So what happened when you came home that first time after… you know, after that weekend?”

Matt Evans: “When I walked in the door, Dad was standing in the middle of the living room. He looked like a deer caught in headlights. He looked like hell, like he hadn’t eaten or slept the entire week. It was a little scary at first, both of us just standing there looking at each other. If I had said ‘boo’ real loud, I think he would have pissed himself.”

“Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore. I knew that was the moment that would change my life for better or for worse. I walked up to him, greeted him by his first name, and kissed him, making sure it was like a lover and not a son. It took a while for him to start kissing me back, but eventually he did. We ended up spending the rest of that afternoon, and most of the evening, in bed. It was the best day of my life. Not only did I have the man of my dreams, and my dad all rolled into one, but I’d had the best sex of my entire life. We did everything. Now, it wasn’t just sex, it was making love like I had never done before. Until that day, I don’t think I even knew what making love was really all about, or more importantly, what it all meant.”

Carter Roberts: “What was it like growing up?”

Matt Evans: “I had a great childhood. I had all kinds of people around who loved me, and I knew they loved me. My mother and I were not as close as I was with Dad or Grandma, or even Grandpa for that matter. It was like she always held back a little, but I knew she loved me; and she always spent time with me, but it wasn’t the same as with Dad.”

“She died when I was eight. It was a real shock to everyone. I think Dad took it the hardest. My grandmother really loved my mom also, they were pretty close. It didn’t take me long to realize that dad needed me, so I tried to do everything I could for him, anything to make it easier.”

“The best thing about my childhood was the time I spent with Dad. You see, Dad would take the time to show me things, teach me things. I remember this one time, I got home from school and Dad was in the workshop. He had just started tearing down the motor for the push mower. I asked him what he was doing and he explained to me step by step, what he was doing and why. I asked him questions and he would explain everything he was doing. If he hadn’t been teaching me, he could have had that thing torn down and put back together that day, probably, but because he was, it took us three days. He always waited until I was home each day, before he started working on it, so I could do it with him.”

“A few weeks ago, I was in the workshop, or tool room, and I was a little more than half way done with putting the mower back together, after I had pulled it all apart. Dad walked in and asked what I was doing, and I told him. Then he asked how I knew how to do it, and I reminded him of that time that he taught me. He had forgotten. That was a great moment for me. It reminded me of all the patience he’d had with me as a kid. That is just one example of what kind of Dad he was and how much I learned from him. He always made time for me.”

Carter Roberts: “You were very lucky then. I don’t know many men who can say that.”

Matt Evans: “Yep, I know. I am lucky, in so many ways, and trust me, I know it. I'm thankful every day I wake up and see him next to me.”

Carter Roberts: “How did that weekend end?”

Matt Evans: “Whew… how to start. I guess when I got ready to leave things got a bit strange. The tipping point there was when I went into

my room and packed up some stuff to take with me. Winter was coming on and I needed some warmer clothes. Dad came into my room and froze. I think it was then that it all came crashing down on him. It was then that the illusion of me, not being his son but his lover, hit him full force. After a moment of us looking at each other, he turned and went downstairs."

"I got the rest of what I needed and made a dash downstairs. I didn't want everything to go to shit. It had been a great weekend up until that point, and I didn't want to go back to the way things were. I couldn't. I don't think he could either."

"When I got to the kitchen, he was sitting at the table with a half bottle of whiskey, an empty glass in his hand. He'd not had a drink. Not yet, at least. I pushed the bottle away from him. I sat at the table next to him and…well, I think I caressed his cheek and then said, 'I love you. You make me complete. I need and want you.'"

Carter Roberts: "What did he say?"

Matt Evans: "He didn't say anything at first. He just stared at me. I knew that it was now or never. I had to get him to understand where I was coming from, how much I needed him as my lover and then my father. Sounds strange to say it like that, but that is how I did and do feel. I need him more as my man than my father now. Although, I am lucky enough to have both."

"I pulled him to his feet and stood before him, holding him. I told him I was standing in front of the man I was in love with, the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with as my partner and my lover. Then I repeated that I was in love with him. For better or for worse, I would be there as his life-partner. Then I kissed him."

[Matt paused for a long time]

"It took a few moments, which seemed like a lifetime to me right then, for him to react at all. It was slow, but he started to kiss me back. It was when his arms wrapped around me that I knew things were going to work out."

"Now, I have to say it hasn't always been easy. We had a helluva time dealing with some nosy ass relatives. Relatives that neither of us really cared all that much for, by the way. I have this one aunt, my mother's sister, who was always trying to push us into going to church with her. You know,

one of those real bible-thumping churches? Neither one of us was religious, and had never been. She got to be a real pain in the ass, always showing up with a pie or something on Saturday nights, trying to talk us into going to her church."

"I think she started to get a bit too curious about us. That's when I started planning on us getting out of there. Dad had a pretty decent offer on the place from this big corporation, which is killing our country's farms, one by one, if you ask me. Anyway, we worked it all out and finally gave into them. But we got top dollar and dad sold the house separately. Funny thing about that, though, is he sold it for one dollar. He just didn't want the house he and I both grew up in bulldozed. He can be a real sentimental old cuss sometimes."

"Anywho, I did a bunch of research while at school, and knew that we could get a good start and have an almost immediate cash earning business with this breed of cattle. We got this place and have been rollin' along ever since."

Carter Roberts: "What happened to the aunt? Any other family?"

Matt Evans: "Don'cha know, that old busy body insisted on coming for a visit? Luckily for me, I was already scheduled to go and spend some time at a ranch in Colorado, where I was going to buy up part of a herd. I still wanted to get some hands on experience with this breed and it all worked out. I went, she came. I came back, spent one day with her before she left. Haven't had much contact with her since. I think she finally gave up. We have our lives and she has hers."

"There wasn't much other family back there. Dad was an only child, most of his uncles and one aunt had died, so there was only Aunt Cathy that was a problem."

Carter Roberts: "Thanks, Matt. I think that will do it for this session."

Matt Evans: "No, thank you, Carter."

[End of individual interview with Matt Evans]

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Chapter 12

MATT AND I sat in silence for a few moments after I turned off the digital recording device, and I packed my stuff away. We were lost in our own thoughts until I reached for my coffee cup, only to realize it was empty.

“Want some more coffee?” I asked Matt.

“Sure.”

I went into the kitchen and emptied what was left in the coffee pot into our cups. I was about to walk out when I saw the jar of bacon fat that we’d strained off from breakfast sitting on the counter. Setting the coffee down, I picked it up to put in the fridge. I stopped, getting an evil idea in my head. I took it back out of the fridge and unwrapped it. I dug into the jar with two fingers and started to coat my ass liberally with the bacon fat. I made sure to push plenty inside of me as well.

After washing my hands, I picked up the coffee and walked back out onto the deck where Matt was sitting. I set his coffee cup down, took a long sip from mine, set it down, and then dropped to my knees in front of Matt, swallowing his soft dick to the root.

“Whoa, what’s all this about?” Matt asked as he sucked in a deep breath from the stimulation that I was giving him. I only looked up at him, smiling with my eyes.

I continued sucking Matt’s dick until he was fully hard, which didn’t take long, then I stood and straddled his hips facing him and lowered myself down onto his hardness.

“What’s that smell? Smells like bacon?” Matt asked, and then smiled when he understood what I’d used for lube. “You’re one sick puppy, anyone ever tell you that?”

“No, never, because I’ve never had the inclination to be this way, until I met the two of you.” Once I had seated myself fully on his dick, I leaned in and lightly started kissing him, grinding myself on him.

Matt only groaned as I deepened the kiss, barely moving my hips back and forth, enjoying the fullness he was giving me. His arms came around and hugged me close before they drifted from my back down to my ass and pulled me as far as I could go onto his dick. He was deeper in this

position than any other position we'd ever tried. We stayed like that, just making out with his dick lodged deep in my ass.

"I can't leave you two alone for a minute can I? Just like rabbits, always fucking!" Carl had walked around the house and was standing in the yard, watching us.

Carl came up onto the deck. Matt and I smiled at him, not moving. "What's that smell? it's like bacon or something." He sniffed the air.

"Carter here is showing his true piggy side." Matt snickered.

Carl shook his head and went inside. Meanwhile, Matt and I continued with a slow gentle fuck, enjoying each other in the mid-morning sun.

A short time later, Carl walked back out onto the deck just as naked, carrying the jar of bacon grease that I had put in the refrigerator earlier. "Move over to the hammock, you two."

Matt simply stood up, my arms wrapped around his neck, and his hands supporting my thighs. As soon as possible, I wrapped my legs around his waist, his cock still deep inside me. He sat down crossways on the hammock, where we were both in a somewhat sitting position. I groaned as I felt him push deeply into me again. Carl stepped up behind me, pulled my head back and kissed me deeply, making me moan even more. Breaking the kiss, he pushed me over more on top of Matt.

Suddenly, I felt him rub more of the grease on my ass, massaging my stretched hole. It felt so good, I pushed back onto his finger until it slipped inside me. I stopped moving, slightly shocked that he was able to get it in me with Matt's big dick already there. Once the surprise subsided, the feeling was incredible.

He rubbed around the ring, pushing his finger in all the way then pulling out. The feeling was sending lightning bolts straight from my ass right to my brain. Soon, he pulled his finger out, added more grease and then pushed in two fingers. This about sent me over the edge. I was breathing so hard I thought I would hyperventilate. Matt chose that time to lift my head up, and started trying to shove his tongue down my throat to meet his dad's digits.

Pressed between Matt and me was my dick. I was so hard it was painful and I could feel the pre-cum belching out as Carl pumped his fingers in and out of me, all the time circling around Matt's dick. When I thought I couldn't take anymore, that there was just too much stimulation, Carl pulled his fingers out. I fell onto Matt's chest taking deep breaths. The hammock was softly swaying a bit from my movement, which was soothing. Matt stroked my back, relaxing me even more, letting me come back from almost coming.

Within a few moments though, Carl was back pushing into me once again, "Oh fuck! Really?" Carl was sliding his dick inside me along Matt's hard length, which was still firmly lodged in my ass. "Oh, I don't know about this, guys. I don't think I can take both of you at the same time. Really? Oh God."

Gasping, I took a deep breath, more out of habit, I think, and then I felt Carl breech my sphincter muscle. The head of his dick was in me. He stopped, letting me adjust, but keeping up a steady pressure. Soon, I could feel him slowly sliding further and further into me. I was so shocked that this was even happening. This was something I had never in my wildest dreams thought I would be doing. Before I knew it, I could feel Carl's thick pubic bush brush against my well stretched hole. I moaned from the feeling of being so full, and the thought of having both of their big cocks shoved up my ass at the same time.

Matt and Carl were both stroking me, Matt, my head and hair, Carl, my shoulders and back. It was a moment in time I knew I would never forget. Without a doubt, I knew there were very few people in this world who would ever experience this physical, as well as spiritual, act. Spiritual, because I knew that these two men cared for me deeply, as much as I cared for them, and this was a testimony to that fact.

Still stroking me, they both started to move. Carl would pull out slightly then push back in as Matt pulled out. It was slow and short strokes at first, slowly building until each was long-dicking me. Carl was leaning over me now as Matt held me, petting me, rubbing me, kissing me, sandwiching me between them. This couldn't be happening. My body was in total sensory overload, so much so, I felt as if I were having an out of body experience. It was all too much.

My whole body was tingling, my prostate being mashed by having two big dicks in me at the same time. I felt the familiar stirring in the pit of my stomach. From the ache I was feeling there, I knew this was going to be one hell of an orgasm. Feeling my balls drawn up so tight I thought they might pull all the way up to my tonsils, I started to come.

I screamed. My entire body clenched up so hard my head actually started pounding. There was a bright, white light going off like a strobe behind my tightened eyelids. Then, adding to the whole experience, I felt both cocks thrust into me at the same time with such force I felt the earth move. Of course, later I understood that it was just the hammock being turned almost completely sideways with the push of Carl's massive tree truck legs.

How long this went on, I have no idea. I think I possibly passed out. When I finally came back to earth, I was being smushed between Carl and Matt, and I was having a hard time breathing. "Um, guys, I can't breathe here."

Carl shifted, lifting himself up onto his arms, and slowly started pulling out of me. My ass was so sensitive I could feel every bump and vein of his semi-hard dick as he withdrew. Once the head popped out, the air left my lungs in a great whoosh.

"Breathe, Carter, breathe," Matt whispered in my ear.

As I took a deep breath, Carl lifted me underneath my arms, helping me to extract myself from Matt and the hammock. Standing with Carl's help, I felt cum running down the insides of both my legs. Smiling, I wondered how long it would take my ass to close back up. I'm sure both of their loads were gushing out of my wide open ass.

Matt was standing now and I was sandwiched between them both. A good thing, because I doubted I could have stood on my own two feet at that particular time. My legs felt like rubber.

"Matt, go run a hot bath," Carl said.

Matt took a step back from me, leaned over, and softly kissed my lips, then he was gone. Carl gently turned me around, letting my head rest against his lightly furred chest, just holding me. I held him, enjoying this moment. He lifted my chin and looked into my eyes. "Thank you, Carter.

That was the most wonderful gift you could have given me and Matt. Thank you."

I only had to look into the eyes of this man, and I knew I loved him more than anything in the world. Startled by the thought, I had to correct myself instantly. That wasn't true. I loved this man *and his son* more than anything, or anyone, in the world. My eyes teared up, thinking of these two men and how much I loved them.

"Carl, I love you and Matt more than anything in the world." The statement came tumbling out of me. It was like I couldn't contain it.

"And we love you, Carter. I can't believe how much joy and excitement you've brought into our lives." The love coming from Carl was almost palpable.

With no warning, Carl swooped down and picked me up, lifting me underneath my knees. I wrapped my arms around his neck, my head resting on his shoulder. He carried me to the bathroom where Matt was fixing the bath. Gently, Carl let me stand in the warm water. I sat down in the tub with both Matt and Carl standing looking at me, their arms around each other's waist.

Carl disengaged himself from Matt and left the room. Matt squatted down and leaned over me, kissing me lightly. "Damn, I love you, Carter Roberts." There were tears in his eyes when he looked at me.

"I love you, too, Matt. I don't know how to tell you how much." I was crying just looking at him. I was so full of love for these guys, I couldn't contain it. Why was I always crying?

"I think you just did, babe, I think you just did," Matt said, wiping the tears away from my cheeks with his thumb.

Matt stood up. Looking up at him, I couldn't help but notice yet again how handsome he was. And he loved me. He smiled down at me and left the room. He really did *love me* and so did Carl. How did I get so lucky?

Lying there, soaking, enjoying the hot bath, I was able to think back on the time I had spent on the farm. How I had not wanted to come here, and why. How quickly things had changed, quicker than I would ever have imagined. Not only had I changed my initial opinion of these guys, but did

a complete one-eighty. Here I was feeling like the luckiest guy in the world because they loved me, and I loved them.

Another thing I had been thinking, in the back of my mind, while I had been interviewing the two of them: who had the right to judge them? They were two grown, adult men. Each was capable, beyond most people, in many ways. They weren't hurting anyone, and were contributing members of society. I'm sure they paid taxes like everyone else, so whose business was it that they were as much a couple as any married couple I'd ever met? Maybe, in fact, they had a better relationship than most married people I knew.

The biggest problem I had was that I had been one of those judgmental people. This visit had opened my eyes a lot. Not only had I experienced sexual needs that I never knew I had, which I very much enjoyed, but I learned that prejudice comes in all forms. If society could just learn to mind their own business, and just let people live their lives, how much better would our world be?

Okay, the incest thing was a bit of a stretch for most people, but if there was no harm no foul, what business was it to anyone? If there were a chance of children, then I think that perhaps, maybe, it might be different. I guess what I'd really learned while being here was that if it was between two, or more, consenting adults, and no one was getting hurt, what did it matter?

Boy, have I grown a lot in a short period of time or what?

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Chapter 13

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, we were all sitting on the front porch, still naked, having a cold beer. It had been an easy day, not much work to do, so there was no real need to get dressed. We were just rocking away in the old-fashioned rocking chairs, enjoying each other's company.

"Hey, guys, mind if I do the joint interview now? This should be the last one."

They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders in consent. I went to get my stuff. Sitting back down, I pulled out my notebook and digital recorder.

Carter Roberts: "I'm sitting here with both Carl and Matt. This will be their joint interview."

"It has been an interesting story that you each have told me separately, but I would like to ask a few questions of the both of you while I have you together."

"Because of the nature of your relationship, what would you say has been the hardest thing?"

Carl Foltz: "I think the hardest thing for me is that we can't be totally open and honest with our family back in Nebraska. It would be nice if they could accept us, but I know with every fiber of my being that there's no way that would happen. First off, the gay thing would be difficult for them. Then add the father-son aspect and they would flip completely out."

Matt Evans: "The hardest thing for me is that Carl, or Dad, has had to give up so much so that we could be together. Personally, I have no regrets. I get to wake up to the most wonderful man each and every day for the rest of my life. Well you can make that men now!"

Carter Roberts: "That gives me a lead in to my next question, which is: do either of you have any regrets?"

Carl Foltz: "My only regret, again, is that I can't be close to my family, or what's left of them, and that I won't have any grandchildren. Other than that, I have no regrets."

Matt Evans: “I have no regrets, none. Wait, I take that back. I really wanted to score a touchdown in college.”

Carter Roberts: “If there is one thing that you would like to come from this interview, what would it be?”

Matt Evans: “The one thing I think I would like most is for people to know that you can’t always choose who you fall in love with. Another thing is that people should pay attention to their own lives instead of worrying so much about others. Mind their own business, you might say. You don’t know how many times I’ve told people to mind their own business, or wanted to.”

Carl Foltz: “I guess I have to echo Matt there. You don’t know who you’re gonna fall in love with. People shouldn’t hate love, and that is sometimes what they do. Matt and I truly love each other and we don’t do anyone any harm. We work hard; we pay taxes just like everyone else.”

“We don’t have many friends because of the stigma associated with who we are, and often times neither of us is comfortable enough to be honest with them. Friendship is nothing if it doesn’t have honesty, and, well… that just doesn’t come easy with us, I guess.”

Matt Evans: “Dad’s right on that one. I would like to feel we are just a couple of normal guys who happen to be in love with each other. However, society has proclaimed our love to be deviant, evil even. I think if they really got to know us they’d understand that we are just like everyone else.”

Carter Roberts: “I would like to say thank you for sharing your story. I am sure that it will be eye opening for a lot of our readers.”

[Conclusion of interviews with Carl Foltz and Matt Evans]

“Well, guys, the only thing left for me to do is go home and write this story,” I proclaimed.

“Carter, Matt and I were talking,” Carl said, looking at Matt. I could tell this was going to be something big just from Carl’s tone of voice. Matt nodded to his father who then continued. “We would like for you to call this your home. We really would like for you to consider moving here. Living

with us full time, that is. Neither of us knows, nor really understands your job very well, but if it is possible, we'd like for you to stay."

Before Carl could even finish his little speech, which was obviously prepared, I had tears running down my cheeks for the second time that day. "I don't know what to say, guys?" I was at a loss for words and a little choked up.

"Will you at least think about it, Carter?" Matt looked as if he was about to start crying as well.

"Yes, I'll think about it. I really will. As for my job, well I can pretty much do that from anywhere. I would still have to travel, but I guess I could manage that from here. Take me a little longer perhaps, but it would be manageable," I explained thoughtfully.

"That's all we can ask from you," Carl said seriously.

"I don't know how my editor is going to feel about this, but there's only one way to find out. When I get back, I'll run it by him and see how it is received." I grinned at them both. "I need to call him anyway, and let him know that I've gotten everything I need here. He's already been wondering what the hell I've been doing here all this time. Hell, it seems like I just got here, but it's been three weeks."

"Why don't you give him a call and I'll go start on dinner. Carl here can supervise and set the table." Matt stood up and started for the kitchen. Carl also rose, tousled my hair, and followed his son.

I called my editor, who had thought I had fallen off the face of the earth. I informed him that he was right, that this was a good interview, and that I had everything I would need to do a great article. I also told him that I could probably have it written fairly quickly. Quick enough that if he wanted, I'd more than likely have it done by the next editorial deadline. That thrilled him, making up for all the time I'd spent here.

Then I dropped the bombshell on him. I asked him if he thought I could do this job without having to be physically in the same city as the magazine. I asked if it would be possible for me to work remotely, telling him that I would still be able to travel and do, for the most part, the same job I'd been doing all along. He said he had to think on it, but he'd let me know.

I hung up with him, called the airport in Louisville, Kentucky, and booked a flight home for the next afternoon. I also let the rental car company know that I would be returning the car the next day. They had been very understanding about letting me extend it for as long as I had. Of course, my editor was going to flip out when I expensed it out. That was his problem. He couldn't bitch too much about it after I got this article done. I had a feeling this was going to be one of those articles that was going to be noticed and really good for my career.

I was feeling great about things here, more comfortable in my own skin for the first time ever. I walked into the kitchen where Matt was giving Carl a hard time about being so useless in food preparation.

"Thank God you're *back*, Carter!" Matt exclaimed, obviously frustrated. "Would you take over for him and finish making that salad. If he continues, we'll be here till tomorrow night, and even then it might not be edible. Never in my life have I ever seen anyone not be able to make a simple salad." Matt was ragging on Carl so bad it was almost funny.

Poor Carl had this hangdog look on his face. I said, "Don't worry, Carl, there are a lot of things you do really well— really, *really* well." I waggled my eyebrows up and down at him. That made him laugh. I was glad I could lighten his mood just then. "And, guys? I hate to tell you this but I'm leaving tomorrow." They stopped, looked at me, and stared. You could have heard a pin drop.

Neither of them said anything. Each turned back to doing what they had been doing but the tension in the room was stifling. "Come on, guys, you knew I'd have to go sooner or later now. I'll be coming back, I promise."

"Yeah, we know. It's just not going to be the same around here with you gone. Do you know when you'll be coming back?" Matt's voice was so solemn.

"A lot of it will depend on how fast I can get your interview written. I told my editor that I think I can get it done quickly. Hell, I think it is going to write itself. I already have it in my head how to do it. How about I say a month?" I was hoping I could keep that promise.

"Carter, you go do what you need to do. We're grown men and I think that we can handle it," Carl said, but not looking at me.

Dinner was quiet that evening. There was a dark cloud hanging over us that made me wish I could do anything to make them happy. In bed that night, we didn’t have sex or make love. We only held each other tightly.

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Chapter 14

I ARRIVED AT my apartment late that afternoon. When I turned the key in the lock, it felt… odd to me. I didn't *feel* like this was my home anymore. I had the feeling as if it were like a hotel room. Just some place to lay my head. It wasn't a home, if it ever was.

I remembered how hard it was to leave the farm; all three of us holding each other, crying like babies. It was then that I knew I had to get back as quickly as possible. They were my life now, and nothing was going to stand in my way to getting back to my real home—back to my new home and my new family. I wanted this more than anything I'd ever wanted in my entire life.

With that determination soundly settled inside me, I went into the bedroom of my small one bedroom apartment, and sat down in the tiny office area I had stuck in the corner. I smiled as I looked at my muse. It was a lamp I'd found in a second hand store. It was a tacky pink thing made of ceramic hula girl, painted up with the expected grass skirt and lei around her neck. It had a small planter in front, as well. Only thing I'd gotten to grow in it was ivy, but that was okay. I liked it and it always made me smile.

I tossed my bag on the bed, only removing my cell phone's power cord. I would unpack later. Right now, I had some serious work to do. I started to unpack my laptop and stopped. Smiling, I stripped off all my clothes, throwing them in the hamper. Then I opened my laptop and got to it.

I worked well into the night, only taking a break to order some food. I continued writing, meticulously picking what I hoped were the right words. There were times when I found it difficult to be objective, but I did my best to present their lives without any bias from me. It was late when I stopped, and I was exhausted, but I got the article finished. It was good. I was proud of the job I had done and hoped Carl and Matt would approve. Good to my word, I emailed it to Carl before I crawled into bed.

I woke up to my cell phone ringing. When I picked it up, I saw it was 7 a.m. Whoever this was had better have a damn good reason for calling me this early, especially since I'd only had three hours of sleep.

"Hello?" I managed to say through the frog in my throat.

“Carter?” a husky voice asked.

“Yeah?”

“Carter, this is Carl.”

I was awake instantly. “Oh, Carl, I miss you. I didn’t know how much I missed you until just now.” I was almost crying into the phone.

“We miss you too, Carter, a lot.” His voice was like soothing salve to my damaged soul. “Listen, Carter, Matt and I just read your article.” I was now holding my breath. I wanted them to like it, to know how much love I put into writing it. “Carter, both Matt and I think it is… well, masterful. We loved it, especially what you said at the end. It made us feel like you were right here with us.” The emotion clearly evident in Carl’s voice made me choke up.

“Thanks, Carl. I so wanted you and Matt to like it. It means everything to me that you approve,” I gushed.

“We’re proud of you, Carter. We hope that you are able to come home soon. We already miss you,” Carl said sincerely.

Home. That was what it was for me—a home with Carl and Matt. “I’ll be home just as soon as I can, Carl, I promise.” I was crying and laughing at the same time. In the back of my mind I was screaming.

I have a home to go to!

“Great. Let us know, huh?” Carl’s voice was much lighter now.

“As soon as I can, Carl, just as soon as I possibly can,” I almost shouted into the phone.

“We love you, and want you back home, son.”

I could barely speak I was so emotional. “I… love you, guys, too. I want to come home, so I’ll do my best to get things tied up here. As soon as I’ve got every… oh hell, I’ll be there as quick as I can. I promise.”

“That’s ’bout as good as it gets.” Carl chuckled.

“When’s he coming back?” Matt asked in the background.

“I love you, guys. I’m going to get cleaned up and head over to the office to turn the article in.” I rolled over and tossed the covers off. “Once the editor reads it over, that will tell the tale. I’ll let you know how it goes.”

“We’ll be lookin’ forward to hearing how about it. Bye for now, Carter.”

When Carl and I ended the call, I jumped out of bed and dashed to the shower. I felt like a kid at Christmas. It didn’t matter that I’d not had a lot of sleep. I was now fully energized and anxious for the day to begin.

I was at the office and at my desk by 8:30 a.m. Even though I’d only had three hours sleep, I felt like I was on top of the world. When my editor came in, I handed him the article, not saying a word.

I sat at my desk, cleaning it out. I started boxing up the few items I wanted to take with me, giving some things away to co-workers, and throwing a good amount away. When my editor called wanting to see me in his office, I went walking in with a smile.

“Carter, I think this is the best piece of journalism I’ve seen in quite some time. Excellent work,” he complimented me, something that I’d never really had from him before. “The ending is… well, unorthodox, to say the very least. You know I don’t like personal opinions stated in this kind of work, but I think this time it fits. Letting the readers know how you felt before and then after meeting these guys, puts a lot of weight behind what they have to say. I especially like the quote you used, ‘those who hate love,’ very poignant.”

“Thank you, Mr. Katz. Have you thought any about my being able to work remotely?” I didn’t even take a pause between sentences.

“Well, no, I’ve not really, why?” Looking shocked, he studied me, knowing something was up.

“Mr. Katz, I’m moving to Indiana.”

There, I said it. Put it right out there for him.

“What?” he roared, standing up, almost knocking his chair over.

“I said, I’m moving to Indiana. I plan on being there within the month, sir.” I hadn’t even thought of a timeline until that very moment. “I would very much like to keep working for you and for the magazine, but this is something that I have to do.”

“Fuck, Carter, you drop this on me like some kind of bomb! What do you expect me to say?” He scowled at me from across his desk.

“What I’d like you to say is that you would also like for me to continue to work for the magazine. You said yourself this article was good. This move is only going to make me better, sir. That is something I am sure of. I’m as sure of that as I am that the sun is going to rise tomorrow.”

“Well, Carter, I can’t argue that this piece is as good as it gets,” he said, holding up the article I had just handed him.

“Thank you, sir, I really do appreciate that. It means a lot to me coming from you.”

“Okay, Carter, I’m going to say yes… for now. I gotta say, I wasn’t so sure about you when I first hired you, but you have been growing a lot, and I’d hate to lose you just as you’re getting good. *However*, I expect to see regular work from you and it had better be top notch. I’ll still send you on assignments and I expect you to dig up your own jobs as well, just like we have been doing, you got that?” he barked.

“Yes, sir, loud and clear, sir. Mr. Katz, you won’t regret this, I promise you.” I got up and shook his hand enthusiastically.

“You’d better not make me regret it!” Mr. Katz grumped. “When will you be clearing out of here?”

“I’ve just about got my desk all cleaned out,” I said smiling.

“What the fuck!” Albert Katz slammed his hand down on the desk. “What if I had said no, Carter? What the fuck then?”

I stood there a moment before answering, debating how to answer him. “I’m sorry, Mr. Katz, but I would have resigned, effective immediately.”

“So much for fucking loyalty!” he yelled. “I should have known better. You young brats right out of school have no clue as to what the mean of work ethic means.”

“I think you may have that backwards, Mr. Katz. It is exactly that work ethic that would make me give my resignation.”

The Editor in Chief of the magazine sat heavily onto his chair. “You care to explain *that* one to me. In all my years, that’s one excuse I’ve not heard.”

“Uh, well, you see, sir, if I were to stay here my heart wouldn’t be in it. Matter of fact, my heart would be broken.” I could feel my eyes fill with

tears. “For the first time in my life I know what having a family and a home is supposed to feel like.” I looked up, my gaze fixed on my boss. “Sorry, Mr. Katz, but that is something I won’t give up for this magazine, or you. I hope you understand.”

Albert Katz leaned back in his chair, his hands lifeless in his lap. “Carter, I had no idea. Everyone deserves someone to love them. Hell, even me. I think I understand now. “

“Thanks, Mr. Katz.”

“It has been my opinion that those who are happy at home are happier at work—are more productive and creative, if you will.” He stood up and extended his hand. “Carter, I wish you all the luck in the world. I really mean that.”

I shook the man's hand, only the second time that had ever happened. The first time had been the day he hired me. “That means a lot to me, sir.”

“But, if you think that I’m gonna sit back and let you shirk work, you’ve gotta another think coming. I’ll fire your cute little ass so damn fast your head will fucking spin off your body!” he yelled, both hands flat on the desk in front of him. “The shit you turn in had better be top notch, you got me, boy?”

“Sir, yes, sir,” I said, saluting him, trying to hold my smile back.

“Now get the fuck outta my sight before I change my goddamn mind. The mind I think I just fucking lost. Fucking kids these days… Now get. I’ve got real work to do.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

I made a hasty retreat just in case he *did* decide to change his mind.

There wasn’t a lot of stuff for me to pack up. It all fit in one box. I said goodbye to the few people I was friends with in the office and left. There were a lot of puzzled looks as I walked out. As the elevator doors closed, I had to giggle. I knew people would be scavenging my desk, looking for whatever goodies I’d left behind. They were in for a big surprise. I took most office supplies I had. I wasn’t fired, or quitting; I was only relocating. They were going to be disappointed.

Things moved fast after that. I gave notice on my apartment. I traded in my compact car for a large SUV, using a lot of the money I'd been saving up for a condo here in the city. I called a friend of mine who knew someone who would buy used furniture and stuff like that. I had most of it sold off within two days. By the end of the week, I had taken care of everything I needed to. I should be able to move and not have to come back. The exception to that would be if I needed to return to the main office for anything. I could always get a hotel for that or crash with a friend.

I *Google Mapped* a route to Indiana. I realized it was going to be a two-day drive, if I made good time. I worked like a demon getting everything packed that I wanted to take with me, which in the end wasn't all that much. That made me realize how empty my life had really been.

Each night I had talked to Matt and Carl, although I never told them exactly what I was doing. I kept telling them I would be seeing them soon, and that I was working hard to make it happen. I explained I would be keeping my job and working from home, except when I had to travel, which might be often, for a little while at least. Well, until I was more established as a journalist. That was only partly true. I was going to be seeing them a lot sooner than any of us expected. I didn't feel too bad about not telling them the whole truth. I really wanted to surprise them.

It only took me one week to do everything, a lot faster than I had expected. The following Tuesday morning, I pulled out into traffic heading south-west. With a sigh of satisfaction, I turned some music on and let the big SUV eat the road up.

That first day, I started getting tired earlier than I had expected. I supposed with all the excitement, and running on adrenaline for the last few days, everything had finally caught up with me. I saw a chain hotel advertised and pulled off for the night. I ordered room service, called Carl and Matt, never telling them I was already on the way. When I hung up from them, I was out like a light. I think I may have been asleep before my head ever hit the pillow.

I woke up early the next morning, ordered up some coffee, took a long hot shower, and hit the road. The sun was rising behind me as I headed west. When I stopped for gas, I also picked up a few things to eat so I wouldn't have to stop unless I need to take a whiz. I did a quick calculation

and figured I wasn’t quite halfway, but I was determined to be there before nightfall.

Late that afternoon, I pulled into the driveway parking beside the house. I blew the horn while I waited for the dust to settle. Carl walked out onto the porch. I could see he was wondering who the hell it was in the new *Explorer.* When the dust finally cleared, I opened the door and stepped out. The smile followed by the yell, or whoop or whatever that sound was he'd roared out, made me shiver all the way down to my toes.

I was home.

Carl ran and picked me up, swinging me as he kissed my face. Then I saw Matt jumping up and down like a kid at Christmas. As soon as Carl set me down, Matt picked me up, squeezing the breath out of me while he licked my face like a dog.

“Put me down you fucking moron and quick licking me!” I yelled and laughed at the same time.

“I can’t believe you’re home. You *are* home to stay, aren’t you?” Matt questioned, his brows furrowed.

“Yes, I’m home. I’m home to stay.”

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Epilogue

Thirty years later

I LAY THERE looking down at Matt's tear stained face, finally having fallen asleep. We were lying on our sides facing each other. Matt had his head resting against my chest, his larger hand lay limply on my hip. I knew I would have bruises the next day where he had gripped me so hard there a short while before.

As he slept, I brushed the hair back from his face, his beautiful face. I saw the youthful, dynamic young man, hidden underneath the weathered skin from working out in the sun, hidden beneath the wrinkles that now lived in the corners of his eyes. As I stroked his sandy-brown locks that the sun had smiled upon, I saw the grey at his temples as well as the silver starting to fleck the rest of his tresses. Yes, he was still one of the most beautiful men I'd ever seen, and I still loved him. If it were possible, I may actually have loved him more than ever before.

I closed my eyes, trying to not feel the pain and heartache of the past two weeks. A pain I knew would never go away. Maybe over time it would become more bearable, but it would never completely go away. This I knew with every fiber of my being.

Two weeks ago, Carl died. While walking back from collecting eggs, he fell on the path from the chicken coop, halfway between the house and the barn. The medical examiner said that he was probably dead before he even hit the ground—the result of a massive heart attack.

I found Matt lying beside him on the ground. "No daddy, please. Daddy, please, please don't leave me, please. I love you. You can't go yet, it's not time. Oh, daddy, please, please, please!" He was sobbing and rubbing the side of Carl's face.

I stopped dead in my tracks. The pain coming from him… the sound like a wounded animal, tore at my heart. This couldn't be happening. Carl was our rock, he couldn't be gone. Slowly, I walked toward Matt and Carl. Falling to my knees on the other side of Carl from where Matt was, I leaned down and put my head against his chest. There had to be a heartbeat, I *begged* silently. I was looking for a heartbeat that I knew as well as my own, but there was none. Looking at Carl's face, I knew he was gone. There was a peace about him that told me all I needed to know.

I nudged Matt. “Stay with him, I’m going to call an ambulance.” I ran to the house, barely holding it together. I called 9-1-1 and stayed on the phone with the operator until I heard the sirens.

Running back out to where Carl and Matt were on the ground, I motioned for the ambulance, letting them know where we were. Everything seemed to go in slow motion. They examined Carl, putting in an I.V. in his arm, even though I knew deep down that it was futile. Looking at their faces, I think they did too. They tried, or made a good play at it, allowing Matt and me some thread of hope. I knew better, as my own heart seemed to break a little piece at a time.

The next few hours were the worst of my life. Matt and I left the hospital, alone. Carl was dead. We never got to say goodbye. Matt and I were now on our own. I am sure that in the back of our minds we’d known this day would come, but not yet. *Please, not yet.* But it had.

I drove back home with Matt in obvious shock. During the entire trip back home, neither of us said a word. Walking into the house, we still had not spoken. I went and got us a couple of beers and pulled out the dusty bottle of tequila I had gotten a long time ago. I think we had only had one drink each out of it. If ever there was a time that I needed something stronger than beer, it was now. I poured each of us a shot, went over to where Matt was sitting and sat down next to him. Nudging him, I handed him the beer and the shot. He looked at me and nodded. We both took the shot and chased it with the beer.

We sat in total silence, not knowing what to say. I got up, went and got the bottle of tequila, and poured us another couple of shots. At some point, we were leaning on each other, drawing comfort from just touching. There was a comfortable silence surrounding us. I could hear the crickets and cicadas chirping their summer songs. The sun, just setting, cast a warm orange glow in the room.

“He left us without saying goodbye.” Matt finally spoke, his voice hoarse, barely above a whisper. The old clock on the wall said it was almost eight in the evening. Only then did I realize those were the first words he’d said since the ambulance had arrived at the house.

We sat there. Drinking. Talking only every once in a while. No words were really needed. What we needed was each other. We just sat next

to each other, always touching in one way or another. It wasn't long before the sun was coming up. The bottle of tequila lay empty, and there were beer bottles covering the coffee table as well as some on the floor. The odd thing was, I didn't feel the least bit drunk, and I should have been wasted with all that we'd had to drink.

Poking Matt, I stood up and reached out for his hand. He took it and I helped pull him to his feet. I led him to the bedroom where I started to take his clothes off. He stood there like a zombie watching me. It was the first time I had stripped Matt without the intention of having sex with him. It's odd how little things like that pop into your head at times like that. Once Matt was naked, I got undressed as well. We got into bed and held each other.

Sleep was slow to come, but come it did. When I woke up it was one in the afternoon. Matt was still sleeping. As I got up, I felt the effects of the drinking I had done. I went into the bathroom and got the aspirin bottle, taking a few with a glass of water, and leaving it out. I figured Matt was going to need it as well.

I staggered into the kitchen where I started some coffee. It wasn't long before I heard Matt moving about, and a low moan. A grin played with the corners of my mouth, knowing how Matt was feeling. It wasn't long before Matt shuffled down the hall, making his way to the kitchen. I had a cup of coffee poured and waiting for him by the time he got to the breakfast bar.

"Thanks," he mumbled, before taking a sip of the strong coffee. After a few sips of the strong brew, he finally looked at me.

"Welcome," I replied.

We each stood there in the kitchen with our cups of java, still not talking.

While on our second cups, I asked, "What do we need to do?"

"What do you mean?" he asked me.

"I mean, do we need to call anyone or let any of your family know or anything?"

"I don't know. I guess we need to look in the safe and see what he had planned. I remember a few years ago, he made us write down our final

wishes and all. Then that attorney came out and took it and made it all legal and shit?" Matt said rather blankly.

"Oh yeah, I remember. I'd forgotten." I suddenly recalled. "I guess the first thing we need to do is go and take care of the animals. Louise is probably ready to bust a gut, needing to be milked."

"You take care of her and I'll go get the rest taken care off. You seem to have a way with that old heifer." Matt drained his coffee and headed back to the bedroom. "She hates my guts for some reason, the ol' bitch."

I followed him into the bedroom. "I think she just thinks your hands are too rough for her teets."

Matt only grunted a response and he pulled his well-worn cowboy boots on.

We made our way out into the yard, heading off in different directions. Matt came back with a basket of eggs and I with a nearly full pail of milk, meeting up where we had parted. We both suddenly stopped, staring at the spot where Carl had fallen, leaving us behind.

Matt and I went back into the kitchen after dealing with the eggs and milk. We each took another cup of coffee. Matt looked up at me, and without having to say a word, we walked back into the office. He opened up the safe, shuffled through some papers and pulled out a manila, letter-sized envelope. Opening it, he took a deep breath and started to read aloud.

Carl's wishes were simple, like the man he was. Yes, we were to notify any relatives of his passing, but inform them that there was not going to be a funeral service of any kind. If Matt and I wanted to have a memorial or wake of sorts, that was okay with him, but he was leaving that decision up to us. He wished to be cremated and his ashes either kept, if we wanted, or to be spread around the farm, our choice. It was all very simple.

Matt pulled out some other papers, one of which was the will. It was also simple and straightforward. Matt and I were the sole beneficiaries, everything split equally down the middle. There was also a letter addressed to both of us. Matt opened it and started reading:

Dear Matt and Carter,

If you're reading this it means I'm already gone. I hope that my death was quick. The last thing I'd ever want is a lingering, painful death. It isn't that I'm afraid of pain; I just don't want the two of you to have to endure something like that. If it was fast then I'm grateful.

Matt, I want you to know that ever since you were born you were the one thing in my life that I loved unconditionally. I'm not a religious man by any stretch of the imagination, but there was not a day that went by that I didn't thank the powers that be for you. Not only were you the best boy growing up, but you became one hell of a man, probably more man than I was. You had the courage and conviction to stand up for what you wanted, and I give thanks for your strength in that as well. Without you, I know I would have been a very lonely and sad man. I love you, son, more than life itself, and I hope that you will find a way to have joy, like I had, for the rest of your life.

Carter, you were the son that I happened to be blessed with later in my life. The joy and brightness that you brought into my life is stronger than any star, and I love you for that. There has never been a day gone by that you didn't make me smile and laugh. The love you gave me was a gift that I always cherished. I hope you know that.

I never thought when I first met you, when Matt and I met you, how much more you would complete us. How much you gave us without even thinking about it. With every passing year, I wondered how I was so very lucky to have such fine men in my life, men who loved me and never asked for anything in return except my love.

To you both: I want you each to know that I loved you so very much, and if there is another life after this one, I hope with all my might that I get to have you with me. Thank you for all the joy and happiness that you've given me.

If I were to have one last wish, it would be that the two of you continue to love and support each other for the rest of your lives. To be happy and have as much joy in your lives as you've given me. Please, do this for me. Do not be sad for me. I have had a long and happy life, more than any man should deserve or expect. I have been truly blessed. Take care and love each other like you always have, and I will be eternally happy.

Love always,

Your Dad, Carl.

Matt and I followed his wishes by notifying what was left of their family in Nebraska. They sent condolences, but none had the time or were able to make the trip to Indiana, not that there was any reason for them to. Matt and I had a few people from town over for drinks, and to reflect on Carl's life. It was a night of storytelling and remembering the man that Carl was. Nothing fancy—like him.

Two weeks after his death, we got his ashes. We walked the farm, spreading ashes as we went. We stopped at certain places, remembering events that had taken place over the past thirty-plus years. When that old bull charged Matt and knocked him over the fence and Carl laughed his ass off. We spread ashes there. There was the spot where I got flogged by a rooster, it clinging to my head as I ran around in circles screaming like a girl, or so Matt said. Carl couldn't help because he was laughing so hard. We put ashes there. When Carl fell out of the hayloft because he was laughing so hard at the two of us for doing something stupid, as we normally did. We couldn't even remember what it was we'd done. We scattered ashes there. Matt and I spent the entire day spreading ashes and remembering our lives here, our lives with Carl and each other.

Now, I lay there with Matt in my arms, thinking how fast those thirty-odd years had passed. It seemed like only yesterday that I was twenty-four; a young naïve journalist who grudgingly met the two men that I would spend the majority of my life with. I was now fifty-four and Matt fifty-eight, and he was still as beautiful to me now as he was then.

Yes, I was sad and I felt a great loss, but I had this wonderful man still here, who loved me, who needed me and I needed him.

I lay there, looking at this beautiful creature, inside and out, and thought, *Yes, Carl, we will be together for as long as we still walk this earth. And when this life is over, I look forward to going home where I know the other greatest love of my life will be there waiting for me. I'll be home with you once again, I promise.*

The End

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About the Author

Max Vos is a classically trained chef with over 30 years of food service experience. After retiring in 2011, Max found himself with time on his hands and was urged to turn his talents to writing.

‘Cooking English’, a short story, was his first published work, and since then Ravenous Romance has published five more of his short stories. His novel, My Hero was a best seller and was released in French this year.

You will find everything in a Max Vos story. He can go from sweet and sexy, even raunchy, to powerful, raw and gritty — something for all tastes.

Max loves hearing from readers. You can keep up with him by reading his weekly blog posts, or his Facebook page at: www.facebook.com/max.vos

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